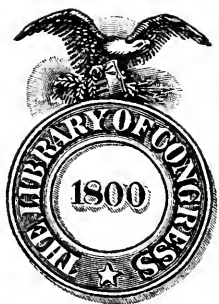


INDIANOLA
AND
OTHER POEMS

McLEMORE

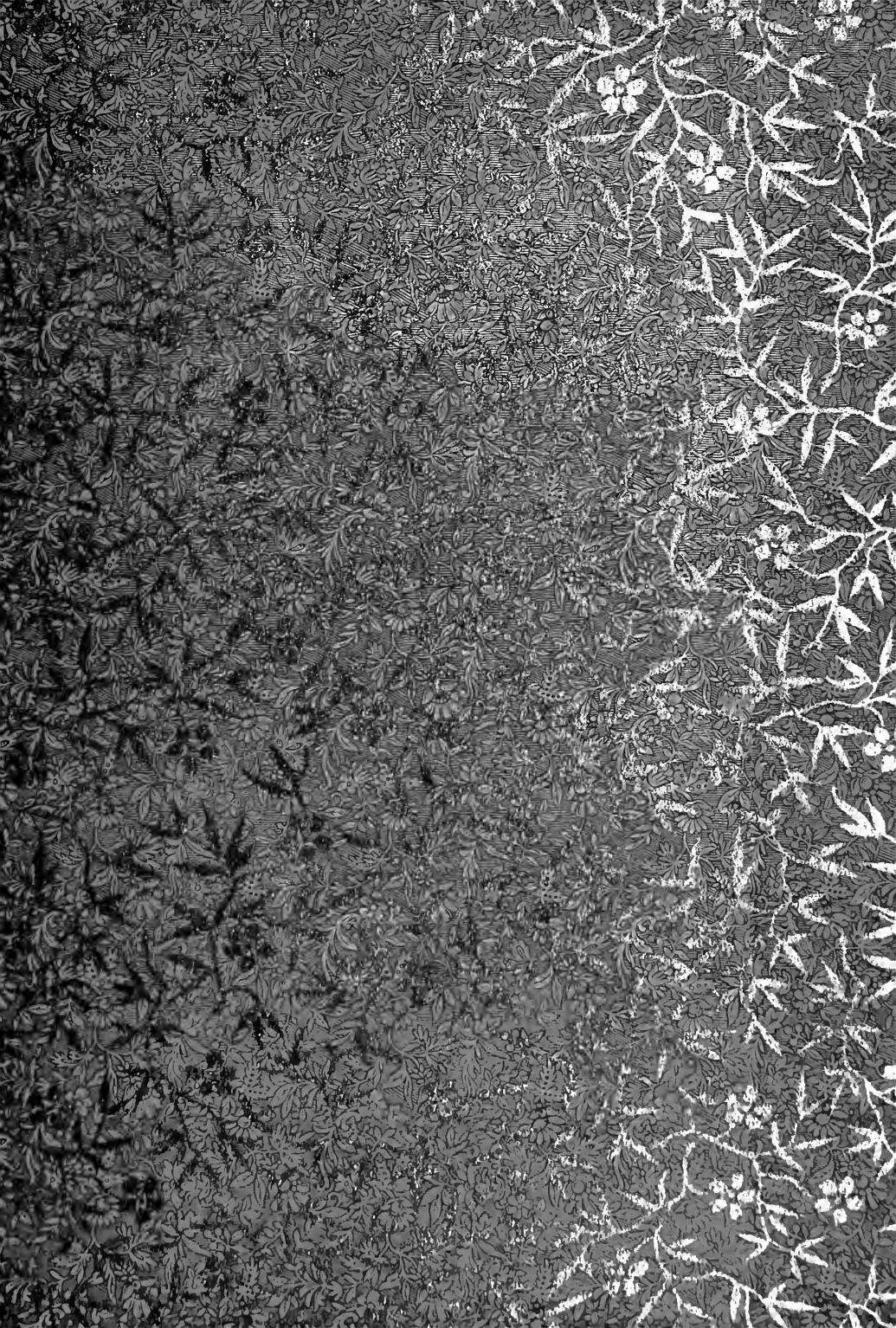


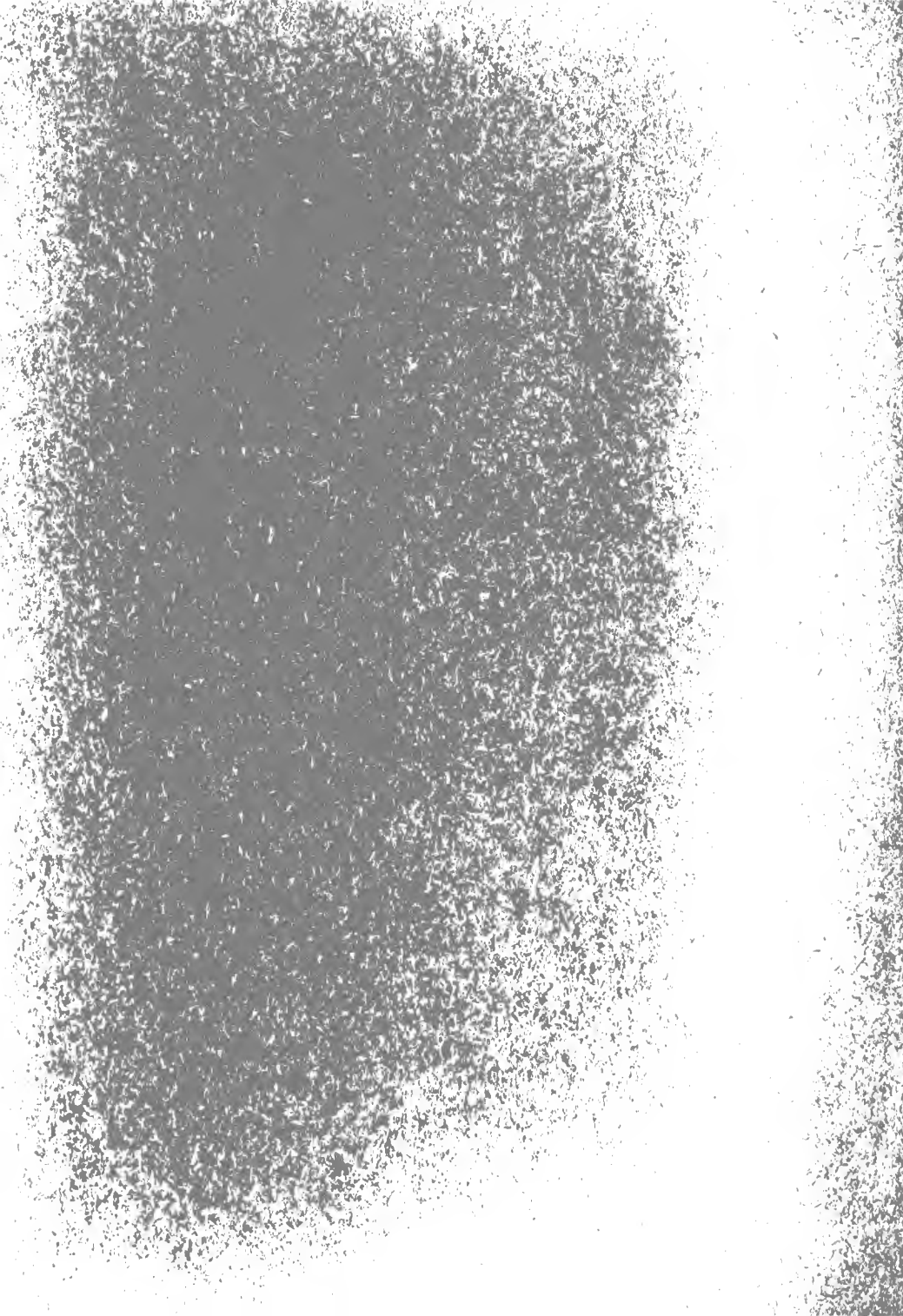
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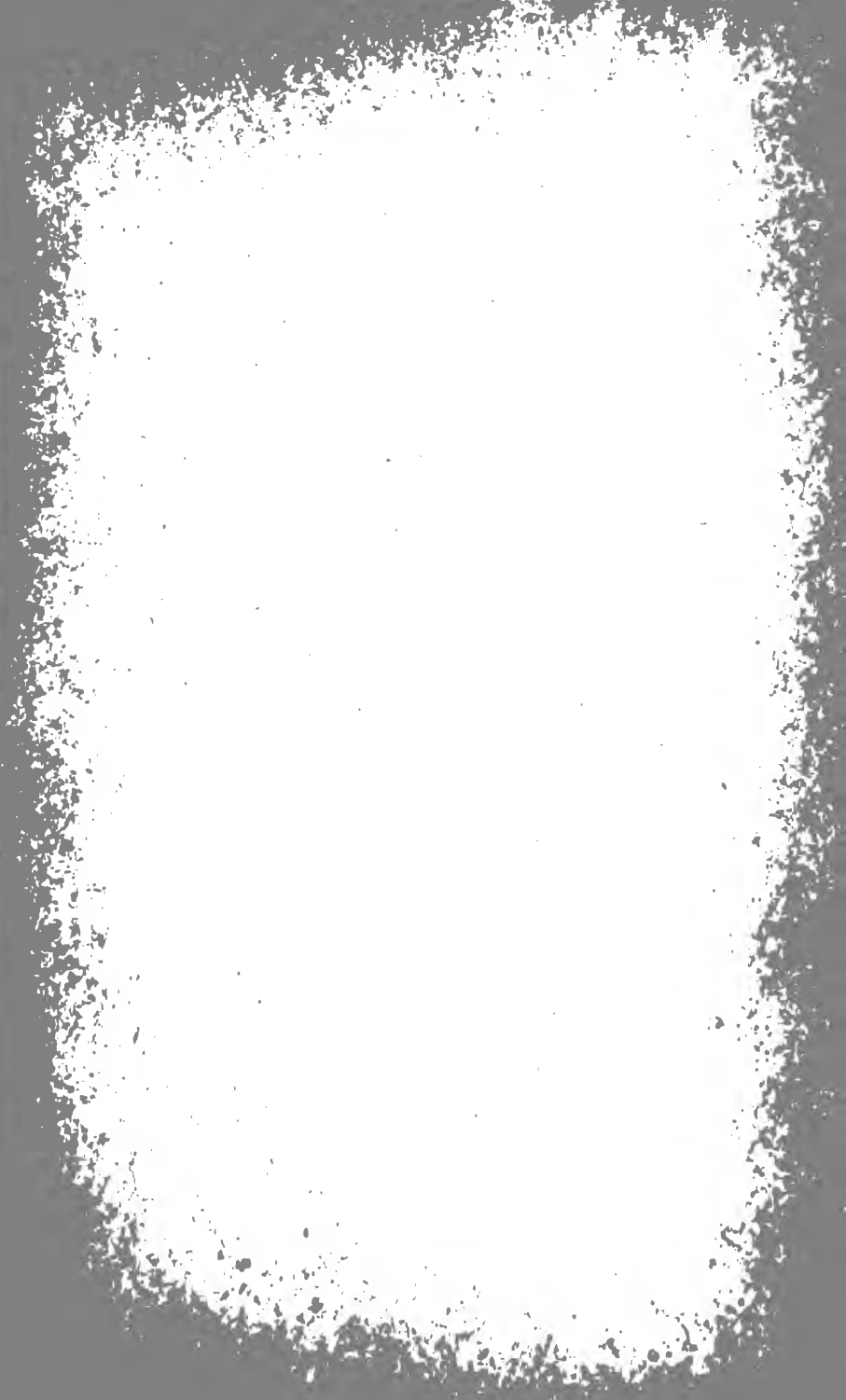
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INDIANOLA

AND

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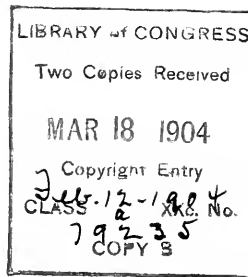
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DEDICATION.

To Miss Clara Driscoll, whose heroic efforts to preserve from time's ravages the historic building of the Alamo should make her name immortal; and to Frank H. Bushick, whose friendly interest in my literary labors has been to me the source of many pleasant reflections, I dedicate this little volume of passing thoughts, woven at random into idle rhymes : : : :

Austin, Texas, Oct. 20, 1903.





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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Unlike some scribblers, I am *not* complying with the "urgent requests" of friends in giving to the public this little volume of "passing thoughts, woven at random into idle rhymes." Years ago, while still a boy, the following lines from one of Burns' poems made a deep impression on my heart and mind:

"E'en then a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor old Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book should make,
Or sing a song at least."

Often did I repeat these lines to myself, each time substituting for the name of *Scotland* that of *Texas*. I state this merely to show that in early life I cherished the hope that some day I would "make a useful plan or book," or maybe "sing a song" that would bring a moment's pleasure to some generous heart, or cause the face of some kind friend to beam with a genial smile.

As I grew older, however, the thought of becoming an author took a more serious turn, and I saw more clearly the shoals and breakers I would most likely encounter in striving to reach the goal of my youth's ambition. It is true, I had a very strong desire to see my efforts in book form, but the fear of the critic's lash prevailed over my wishes and I contented myself with publishing a few of them in the newspapers, but without my name.

A year or two ago a lady friend of mine, and for whose friendship I have the very highest regard, suggested that I

collect my poems (if poems they may be called) and publish them in a volume. In offering her suggestions she quoted one of my own couplets:

Fools there are in every age,
And I but fill my destined page,

and said, with all the candor of her generous nature, that she did not think I would ever fill *my destined page* unless I published a book. It is but an easy matter to convince a rhymester that he is a poet, and the persuasion of my good friend readily revived my boyhood's dream. It was then, for the first time in many years, that I gave serious consideration to the thought of "printing a book," but when I had about made up my mind to act on my friend's suggestion, I was confronted with a difficulty I had not before thought of. How was I to collect my poems and get them together? was *the* question that puzzled me. I had retained but few copies of the ones that had appeared in print, and many which I regarded as among my best, had completely escaped my memory. What, then, was I to do? Here again my friend came forward with another suggestion, with the result that I addressed letters, as she suggested, to a number of acquaintances, and these kind acquaintances responded by sending me pieces they had generously preserved in their scrap-books. In this way I got together a fairly good number of my poems, but much to my regret I have not been able to obtain copies of several that I was anxious to include in this collection. This much by way of *excuse* for giving to the public this little volume, and now a word of *excuse* for the poems themselves:

The critical reader will no doubt discover faults in everything I have written, for I wrote just as the "spirit moved me," and often without following the strict rules of poetry. He may also find that "many of my pieces are poor imitations of the poems of others, whose thoughts and

style I have borrowed." In vindication of myself against this charge, I will say, first: In my more youthful days Burns and Byron were my constant companions. I fairly *lived on them*, and so completely *absorbed* them, that it would be a matter of surprise, rather than otherwise, did I not find myself *fluttering* along the ground over which they had soared. Second: The style of Burns and Byron did not belong to them exclusively, but was the style of all times and ages. They had no *set* style, generally speaking, and wrote but few poems that could not find a counterpart in poems written before their day, as far as the style of verse is concerned.

Whenever I have used the thoughts of another, I have, when conscious of it, given the original in a foot note. In defending myself against the charge of plagiarism, which will doubtless be made by the discerning critic, I will quote the language of England's greatest poet. In the "Conversations of Lord Byron, by Thomas Medwin, Esq.," Byron is credited with the following:

"I am taxed with being a plagiarist, when I am least conscious of being one; but I am not scrupulous, I own, when I have a good idea, how I came into possession of it. How can I tell to what extent Shakespeare is indebted to his contemporaries whose works are now lost? * * * The invocation of the witches was, we know, a servile plagiarism from Middleton. Authors were not so squeamish about borrowing from one another in those days."

Now, if the greatest poetical genius of all admits having borrowed the ideas of another, why cannot I—I, a mere insect compared to him—why cannot I be permitted to do the same? My friends, I know, will throw the mantle of charity over my short-comings, and as for my enemies—well perhaps they can write better than I have written, in which event I will wait and see before committing to paper an opinion that might excite unnecessary anger. An author's works, when given to the public, become public

property, and such now is this little volume. I do not hope for it immortality, but if one line of all I have written should bring a pleasure to the heart of some good friend, then I will be richly compensated for my pains, and will feel that I have not altogether scribbled in vain.

Some of the poems in this little book will doubtless meet the gaze of those who inspired them. These poems, I hope, will cause no regret, and I will be more than grateful should they provoke a smile. Other efforts, and efforts, too, I considered among my strongest, have been suppressed, because they contained "barbarisms" that were calculated to offend and perchance wound those at whom they were aimed. With this, I commit my first, and perhaps last, volume to a public that "rarely blames unjustly," and with Southey exclaim:

"Go, little book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days."

Austin, Texas, Sept. 27, 1903.

*INDIANOLA.*¹

"An o'er true tale of flood and tide!"

"Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!"
—*Byron*

I.

When some fair maid, the flower of her race,
Whose charms proclaim her Queen of Love and Grace,
By Fate's dread hand is hurled into the grave;
Or without warning sinks beneath the wave;
The dark'ning sorrow of her hapless end
Falls like a pall o'er each devoted friend.

1 Indianola was written under rather adverse circumstances and at such moments as I could steal from my regular duties as editor, manager and publisher of a weekly paper, to scribble a few lines at a time. But little thought or care were employed in its execution, and ever since I have regretted that my subject was not given more pains. Such a theme should have drawn forth every spark of poetry in my soul, and "Indianola" should have been a better poem than it is. But "what is writ, is writ," so I will let it go, trusting that those who may read it will not forget the difficulties under which it was written. The poem originally appeared with the following dedication:

To
MR. AND MRS. J. M. BROWNSON
whose friendship, even from the day I came to them
a stranger, has been to me the source of
many pleasures that will ever
be bright oases in
the desert of my memory,
these disconnected fragments of an "o'er true tale"
are most respectfully inscribed by their
grateful and obliged friend,

Victoria, Texas, September, 1889.

THE AUTHOR.

No tears are shed—our deep and silent grief
In bitter groans can only seek relief;
And as we watch that pulseless form so fair,
And view death's beauty slowly settling there,
A thought of terror steals across the heart
Quick as the flash the thunder clouds impart.
Then kneeling down we look to Heaven and pray:
"Oh, God! restore to us this silent clay!
Give back that smile, if but one fleeting hour,
That we once more might feel its tender power."
But all is still, that form is cold in death,
And chilled forever is that fleeting breath;
No more, no more those lips will ever speak—
No more will blush that cold and marble cheek.
No more will glow that dull and listless eye—
No more that breast will heave a lingering sigh.
Like flowers that bloom, yet fade at set of sun,
Her life's dream ended ere it scarce begun.

II.

So, Indianola, has it been with thee,
Thou once fair city by the moonlit sea!
Thy fame is ended and thy beauty fled—
Bleak memory calls thee from the silent dead.
Thy streets are nameless, and the sea-weeds grow

Along thy walks where life was wont to flow.
Forever dead! fore'er thy dream is o'er!—
Thou liv'st alone on Memory's barren shore.
The sun that sets, yet sets to rise again,
Will smile the same, yet smile on thee in vain;
While moonbeams dancing as the billows roar,
Will seem as bright, yet dance on thee no more.

III.

'Tis eve!—Beside the murmuring sea,
A thousand hearts beat light and free;
A thousand voices fill the air,
And all is peace and pleasure there.
On the still bosom of the bay
The white-winged vessels calmly lay;
The night-birds skim the rippling waves,
Sweet echoes come from Ocean's caves;
And Indianola fair and bright,
Sits peaceful there in the pale moonlight.
The lamp's burn bright in Pleasure's halls,
While Beauty from her bower calls;
Fond pleasure decks each throbbing brow,
The lover tells his plighted vow;
All, all is joy and peace serene
Till sleep, sweet sleep, falls o'er the scene,

Then hushed, and still, and heavenly fair,
Is that loved city sleeping there.

IV.

'Tis morn!—The radiant eastern sky
Is tinted with the rainbow's dye;
The swan-like vessels rest at ease,
Scarce swaying in the fresh'ning breeze;
The song-birds sing from every tree,
Or bathe their plumage in the sea;
While hurrying footsteps tread the main,
And Indianola wakes again.
Yes, wakes once more to busy life,
But wakes, alas! for war and strife;
For bugle calls sound from afar,
The herald of approaching war.
The echo leaps from mouth to mouth:
“Awake! ye heroes of the South!”
And Indianola's sons go forth
To fight the tumults from the North.
How swift they went, 'tis vain to tell!
For home they fought, and fighting fell;
And falling, died in manhood's prime,
To sleep in some far, distant clime.
Oh, Indianola! could I trace

The glory of that glorious race
Thou gav'st, when came thy country's call,
Or view each hero in his fall,
In deathless strains my song would be
For those who died for thine and thee !

V.

O'er the fathomless waters of the dark, blue ocean,
Like the song of a bird when its mate is no more;
When its carols are filled with a soul-sad emotion
As it fain would call back from the echoless shore,
One note it had known of the song that is ended—
When it sighs for that death which can bring only
rest,
So the echo of sweet peace in that moment was
blended
While hope turned to grief in each fond Southern
breast.
And in that dark hour, though the storm clouds
were over,
And the stars breaking through them seemed ray-
less and dead,
Indianola sat there like a grief-stricken lover
When her hero is fallen and all hope is fled.
She wept for those sons that so proudly she gave
For a cause, which though lost, was made doubly
more dear;

Like a heart-broken mother who weeps at the grave
Of her heart's fondest treasure, she wept o'er
their bier.

Then she turned from a scene that she gazed on
with dread,

She had shed all the tears that she well now might
shed;

War's wild strife is over—the bugle-calls cease—

Like a dismantled warrior she clasps hands with
sweet Peace.

The rose that was withered its verdant leaves
spread,

The violet so modest once more lifts its head,

The sun shines again on that once blighted shore,

And fair Indianola like the rose blooms once more.

VI.

'Tis night!—A dark and angry cloud

Hangs o'er the city like a shroud;

The lightning's quick and lurid glare

On each pale face reveals despair;

The storm has come!—Wild Ocean's roar

Breaks with a shriek upon the shore.

Brave men stand palsied, trembling, pale—

The mother's prayer, the infant's wail,

Commingle with mad Ocean's rage

And form a scene on history's page
More awful than the poet's pen
Can write; nor can the tongues of men
Relate that picture of despair
Which in a moment settled there;
And many a loved one found a grave
Fore'er beneath the maddening wave. ¹

VII.

Once more 'tis morn, the bright sun smiles
In splendor o'er those storm-wrecked isles ²

¹ Indianola had almost recovered from the effects of the Civil War and was the most flourishing city along the Texas coast. Her harbor was crowded with large ships and ocean steamers, while long trains of wagons, many of which came from far beyond the Rio Grande, were bearing off her commerce to those who had left their gold in exchange. Wealth, health and prosperity reigned on every hand, and she stood there beside the ocean the "Queen City of the West." In the height of her glory, on the 16th day of September, 1875, a fearful storm swept over the city, leaving death and destruction in its wake. This was followed by another storm on the 21st day of August, 1886, even more destructive than the first, and unhappy Indianola, once the "Queen City of the West," was left a spectre of the past—a spectre which comes before the vision like the face of a drowning man when he sinks forever beneath the cruel waves.

² In regard to these islands, three or four in number, the author is somewhat in doubt as to whether they were ever inhabited by man. They are situated near the coast, to the south of where Indianola stood, and produce, or rather did produce, fine pasturage for cattle. Just after the storm of 1875 they presented a weird and ghastly appearance, being strewn from one end to the other with pieces of wrecked vessels and houses, and the bodies of dead animals. Only two or three human bodies lodged on them, and these were washed from Indianola.

That stand like sentries in the bay
Near by where Indianola lay.
All desolate and bleak they stand,
Death's shadow traced on every hand,
While round them moans the plaintive sea,
As if it felt some sympathy,
For the dread terror it had brought
To those within its tempest caught.
Yet on the beach the scene seems saddest,
For there old Ocean's waves were maddest;
And though the sun shines there as bright,
To those who live it seems as night.
O'er Indianola hangs a pall
Dark as the dreary clouds that fall
O'er battle-fields where thousands slain
Lie there to rise no more again. ¹
Death and Destruction hover round,
The Ocean chants a dreary sound;
The father weeps above his child,
The mother, in distraction wild,
Seeks out her babe, but seeks in vain,

¹ It is a known fact that nearly every big battle of the Civil War was followed by a tremendous rain. To those who witnessed them, the clouds producing these rains had about them an unusually dreary and sombre appearance. I have often heard old soldiers say that the clouds formed (presumably) from the smoke of battles had for them a terror the ordinary clouds did not have.

Then wrings her hands in woe and pain.
The proud, the humble share the same,
So with the sick, the blind the lame;
No peace is there save with the dead,
All hope for those who live is fled;
And Indianola from her throne
Is claimed by Ocean as its own.
No brush can paint, no pen can write,
The sorrow of that dismal night,
When storm-wrecked Indianola lay
A spectre by the lonely bay.

VIII.

This is the tale as it was told to me
By one who dwelt there by the treacherous sea.¹
A sad, sad tale, no matter what we say,
Though poorly told in this still poorer lay.
The story of a city once as fair
As her loved maids who dwelt in pleasure there.

¹ In the month of June, 1889, when I visited Indianola, I was deeply impressed with what represented that once beautiful city. A few weather-beaten houses, tenantless and fast going to decay, and the white and scarred concrete walls of the old court-house, were all that remained of what was once a city of beautiful homes. For awhile I saw no signs of life, but in wandering around I met an aged, gray-haired negro, who seemed more spectre than man. He had been there since "before the war," had passed through both of the great storms, and in his rude and untutored way he told me the story of ill-fated Indianola.

Swept from the earth without a moment's thought,
Torn from her throne by Ocean's tireless wave;
A memory of the ruin Terror wrought—
Sunk, sunk forever in a nameless grave!

JUVENILE POEMS.

(Written between the ages of eleven and eighteen years.)

To Etta.¹

(The Authors first effort.)

As twilight brings its sweet repose,
 My soul should happy be;
 But now and then there comes a thought,
 As if to say that I have wrought,
 Yes, wrought in vain for thee.

1 When I wrote the lines, "To Etta," I was only eleven years of age. I composed them after I had retired at night and so strange was the effect they produced on me that I was thrown into a fever and my agitation kept me awake for several hours. I committed the lines to memory and the next morning wrote them down. I did not know the meaning of the word "wrought" and was overjoyed, on consulting my dictionary, to find that it made *reason* as well as *rhyme*. The lines were inspired by a neighbor girl, a Miss Pope, who was several years my senior, but of whom I was passionately fond. This first effort was soon followed by other attempts at versification but all that came from pen at that youthful age have escaped my memory—all save an acrostic, which was as follows:

Etta I will love thee ever
 Till the time our hearts shall sever,
 Then I'll think of thee forever
 And forget thee I will never.

Please remember me my dear,
 Oh, let me ever linger near;
 Please take not another's heart
 Else we be obliged to part.

The inspirer of my two efforts was the only one I ever permitted to see them, and this permission was granted her only on the promise that she would ever guard them as a secret. They both pleased and amused her, and I will never forget the pride I felt when she smiled benignly on me

*My Mother's Picture.*¹

I love to look with lingering gaze
Upon that picture of my mother;
It brings to memory those sweet days
When we alone would sit together.

Days, sad, dreary days have passed,
And years seem slow to leap each other;
But memory ere will bind me fast
To those sweet hours spent with my mother.

Can I forget that farewell gaze?
And that sweet smile?—it was her last;
No! time eternal can't efface
Those dearest records of the past.

Still on me now those eyes are set,
Yet well I know they cannot move;

and called me "a poet." If she lives, I hope these pages should she happen to see them, will cause another smile and call back the days when I first committed "the sin of rhyme," and for which she was to blame.

1 "My Mother's Picture" was written at the age of thirteen and was the first of my effusions to appear in print. Its publication made me extremely happy and I felt that I had immortalized myself. I read it over and over again and never once realized that some of the ideas it contained had been stolen from Burns' "To Mary in Heaven." To see my verse in print filled my soul with ecstasy, but it was an ecstasy I experienced alone, for the *poem* was not published with my name nor did I dare tell anyone I was its author. So much for the modesty of youth!—1896.

But something in them tells me yet
They watch me with a mother's love.

*The Emigrant At Wyandotte.*¹

I am sitting on the levy, and I'm gazing at the
stream
Of the old Missouri river whose waters softly beam,
And sparkle in the sunlight, as they flow on to the
sea,
And it makes me wish that I was back, 'way down
in Tennessee.

It's just two years now since I left the old planta-
tion door,

1 The great negro exodus from Tennessee to Kansas occurred in 187—, and among those who went to the new El Dorado was an old negro servant of my father's—"Uncle" Essex, as we children all called him. He had been a slave; had nursed my father when he was a child, and between the two there existed a feeling that was even stronger than friendship. The parting between them was very pathetic, and when the last goodbye was spoken tears dimmed the eyes of both. They had lived a long lifetime together; each had been faithful to the other, and it seemed cruel that they should now in their old age be separated. But "Uncle" Essex's only son, and of whom he was very fond, thought it best, because of some trouble in which he became involved, to move away, and his father followed him to Kansas. Like hundreds of other negro emigrants from Tennessee, "Uncle" Essex found nothing but misfortunes in the "Land of Promise," and he died there in poverty and want, as my father learned some years after his death. Though his skin was black, his heart was white, and had I the writing of his epitaph I would chisel on his tomb:

"An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest."

Where I went to take a fond farewell; perhaps forevermore.

And as I took old master's hand, big tears came in his eye,

And sometime now I hear him say, "my faithful friend, goodbye!"

Oh, if I was but back again, I think that I would stay,

And spend my days a-working in the cotton fields and hay;

And join the darkies as they sing their merry songs of glee,

When coming from the fields at night, 'way down in Tennessee.

The Negro's Lament.

There's a dear old cabin home, and its many miles away,

Where the mocking-birds are singing in the trees;
Where the skies they seem the brightest in the merry month of May,

Where the vesper bells are dying on the breeze.
'Tis my dear old cabin home, 'tis the dearest spot on earth,

And the flowers they are growing by the stream;

And the cricket still is chirping on the old familiar
hearth—

And it lingers in my memory like a dream.

They tell me that around the door the weeds are
growing rank,

That the footpath now no longer can be seen;

They say the little babbling spring where many a
time I drank,

Is all covered with the willows thick and green.

But no matter what the changes be, that home will
still remain

Evermore the dearest spot on earth to me;

And I cannot be contented till I see it once again,

And shall sit beneath the shady old oak tree.

How well do I remember now, 'twas many years ago,

That I used to chase the rabbit through the cane;

And I often went a-fishing where the laughing
waters flow,

And would sometimes play at marbles in the lane.

But, oh! the times have changed since then, and
now I'm old and gray,

And no longer can this poor old darkey roam,

And the time is fast approaching when my soul
will flee away,

Then perhaps I'll see my dear old cabin home.

*Fare Thee Well!*¹

(Written for a friend.)

Fare thee well, for we must sever !
More than this 'tis vain to tell !
Yet our paths must part forever,
So forever fare thee well !

Would it been I ne'er had met thee,
Happier now my lot would be;
But I never can forget thee—
Wilt thou sometimes think of me?

Wilt thou think of him whose bosom
Kept for thee a bleeding heart?
And whose confidence in woman
Caused it many a painful smart?

Cruel maiden ! I must leave thee !
Every hope of bliss is gone !
Yet, oh, yet no more deceive me
With that smile that lured me on.

1 This poor imitation was written for a youthful friend of mine who was sorely distressed at the treatment he had received at the hands of the girl he loved. He used the poem (at my suggestion) as his own and, I am happy to state, it brought about a reconciliation between the two—probably because she was afraid he would write another. Both young people have long since passed from off the stage of life, and in that Land Beyond I truly hope they have found that peaceful bliss which early death deprived them of in this world.—1898.

“ Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken—
Ev’n my soul forsakes me now.”

But no longer will I taunt thee
With the love thy heart must spurn;
Still thine image e’er will haunt me
And within my bosom burn.

And when I am silent sleeping,
When the grass shall o’er me wave;
Or some genial willow weeping
O’er my cold and silent grave;

Wilt thou then think how I love thee?
Will my memory then be dear?
Will not death alone then move thee
But to shed one gentle tear?

Though this heart be bowed in sadness,
Though each joy it must resign,
Still it hopes, even in its madness,
There is happiness for thine.

Though misfortune should befall me,
Though fond hopes should cease to be;

Though the woes of life enthrall me,
Still I'll think of thine and thee.

And when all thy pleasures over,
When thy magic charms are flown,
Thou may'st then too late discover
We must reap what we have sown.

But 'tis done—each vow is broken—
More than this 'tis vain to tell.—
All my happiness is spoken
When I whisper, "Fare thee well!"

*When I Shall Die.*¹

When I shall die, as die I must,
But to return to silent dust;
When death comes knocking at my door
And whispers, "It will soon be o'er!"
I wonder if my soul will shrink
While lingering on that awful brink
They tell us is as dark as night?

1 These lines were suggested by an aged man who lay on his death-bed and who fervently prayed that he might be permitted to live a little while longer. His fight against death made a deep impression on my youthful mind, and I have ever since wondered if it was really so difficult to die!—1898.

I wonder if I'll turn in fright,
And turning, ask one moment more
To linger on life's fitful shore?

To The Old Year.

Once more the wheel of Time has turned around,
And I must bid a long and sad farewell
To thee, Old Year, and note thy parting knell,
Which breaks upon me with a lingering sound.
The pleasures thou did'st bring, and which I found,
Steal soft as summer echoes o'er my heart—
My life with thine becomes a sullen part,
And Memory starts anew with sudden bound.
I wander back into the bygone past,
And I recall each scene of the Old Year;
Some joyous were, while some that bind me fast,
Have cost me many a bitter pang and tear.
Still would I linger with thee, nor depart
To welcome in a new and untried friend;
But time moves on, nor even stops to start,
Nor heeds the heart that to his rod must bend.
And as thou now must linger evermore
Within the past, which is a boundless sea,
While I draw nearer to that unknown shore

Which marks the realms of dark eternity;
My heart grows sad, my eyes grow dim with tears,
My little bark goes swiftly down life's stream;
While all the glories of departed years
Come o'er me like the memory of a dream.
I see a lovely form, a gracious smile—
I hear a low, sweet voice, a lingering sigh;
I hear a song that angels might beguile,
And then a frowning cloud comes o'er my sky.
The darkness gathers round me, and I roam
Far out into the lone and starless night;
With kindly strangers must I seek a home
That once again my soul may feel the light.
And these were brought me—these! by thee, Old
Year!
And thus I leave thee with a parting tear.

Impromptu Versicles.

(On a Conceited Preacher.)

His talk is *logic*, but his logic's taste
Is like a lovely field that's gone to waste:
In either case—'tis sad, and yet 'tis true,—
That "distance lends enchantment to the view."

If such poor talk could take a man to heaven,
'Twould be as bread made without salt or leaven.

Conceit's his forte—'tis his from heel to crown—
The Bible's naught if he can prove a clown.

'Tis true, his text he takes it from the Bible,
But on that Book his preaching is a libel.

Stanzas for Music.

Though I fondly must love thee forever,
 Though my memory shall round thee entwine,
Yet now, oh, now we must sever,
 For thou can'st never be mine.
Thy gentle breast sighs for another,
 Thy heart does another contain,
But my anguish I now will smother—
 And I'll not speak of loving again.

I hope all thy days may be pleasant,
 That thy life a sweet pleasure may be;
I hope thoult forget the present
 And never again think of me.
I would not be the cause of thy anguish,
 Oh, no! I would not wish thee pain;
But in silence, oh, now let me languish—
 And I'll not speak of loving again.

Ere the days of thy youth all are faded,
With another you fettered may be;
For a moment thy griefs may be shaded,
And then you will not think of me.
But my spirit will hover around thee,
And a wish that may not be in vain:
Is that angels will ever surround thee—
But I'll not speak of loving again.

Impromptu Lines.

(Written beneath a picture.)

Oh, had those lips the power to speak,
Or breathe one sigh for me;
Could I but touch that ruddy cheek
And know 'twas felt by thee;
Of heaven no other boon I'd ask
Than such a moment's pleasure,
And it would be my sweetest task
To clasp for aye my treasure.

Old Songs.

There comes to me from far away,
No matter where I roam,

The echo of a dear old song—
The song of "Home, Sweet Home!"
And as sweet fancies come and go
And round my heart entwine,
They bring another song most dear—
"The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

How dear to me are the old songs
I heard in boyhood's years;
Each tells a tale of happier days
And every scene endears.
Their memory fills my soul with joy
And drives away all worry,
And if I sigh with poor "Ben Bolt,"
I smile with "Annie Laurie."

Then give to me the old, old songs—
I care not for the new;
The new songs are but idle rhymes,
The old songs are the true.
For all the new songs of the day
Can't make one's spirit quiver
As one short verse, and one alone,
Of sweet "Sewanee River."

Who does not love "Old Uncle Ned?"
Or "Darling Nellie Gray?"

Who has not felt a better man
From hearing "Dearest May?"
And who could hear without a sigh
"De Ole Virginny Shore?"
Or sing "My Old Kentucky Home,"
And then not sing it o'er?"

And oftimes does my spirit hear
In dreams, "Those Evening Bells;"
While memory wanders o'er the past
And calls back "Kittie Wells."
"Lord Lovell," too, I cherish still,
And hear it with a sigh;
While "Dixie" ever thrills a heart
Which weeps to hear "Good-bye!"

There's something in the dear old songs
No words can e'er define,
They bring sweet memories from the past
And make our present shine.
They fill our souls with peace and love,
And drive away all woe;
So give to me the old, old songs,
And let the new ones go.¹

¹ A number of other pieces were written at this period, but I regarded it as the part of wisdom to suppress them, as they would add nothing to this little volume. The ones given were thrown in merely to illustrate my turn for rhyming during my childhood and boyhood days.—1903.

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**Mary.*

Long years ago—'tis vain to tell—
We parted by the river;
I whispered then a fond farewell—
Perhaps it was forever.
And though I've wandered far away,
O'er mountain, sea and prairie,
Still I can ne'er forget the day
I bade farewell to Mary.

They tell me she is still the same,
Unchanged in heart and feeling;
Unchanged in look, unchanged in name,
With beauty o'er her stealing.
And as tonight my wild thoughts roam
To her so coy and chary,
I sigh to think long years must come
E'er I can be with Mary.

'Tis said the hearts that deepest love
Must feel the deepest sorrow;
Perhaps 'tis thus in vain I strove
Relief from time to borrow.

For as the years more swiftly creep
My heart seems less to vary;
It knows but one love long and deep—
An endless love for Mary.

And now whate'er my hapless fate,
Whate'er my joy or sadness,
May pleasures ever round her wait
To crown her life with gladness.
And may sweet echoes from the past,
Like songs from realms of fairy,
Around her lovely form be cast
To bring sweet peace to Mary.

October, 1883.

The Lass of Kyle.

The Lass of Kyle! the Lass of Kyle!
Whose step is light and free as air!
Whose magic glance and pensive smile
Can bless in joy or soothe in care;
Long may she bloom! the fairest flower
That e'er was reared in Southern bower.

Her soft brown eyes! twere vain to tell
The beauty of repose that's there;
No eyes save those of the gazelle
Could with such heavenly orbs compare.

And I will linger here awhile
That I may love the Lass of Kyle.

Like music on the deep blue sea,
No siren's voice was e'er more sweet;
No fairy's footstep e'er more free,
No heart more pure in its retreat.
And, like the pearl in crystal waters,
She's fairest of our Southern daughters.

So fill the bowl with purest wine
That I may drink to her sweet health;
And let the myrtle and the vine
But imitate her hair's dark wealth.
And as around the wreath they twine
So round her path may pleasures shine.

And may she bloom forevermore,
The first and fairest of her race!
No passing cloud e'er flitted o'er
A fairer or more lovely face.
And though I wander in exile
I still will love the Lass of Kyle.

Once more fill high the sparkling bowl!
That I may drink before I go,

A parting health to her whose soul
Is like the rainbow's radiant glow.
And may the brightest sunbeams smile
Forever round the Lass of Kyle.

Kyle, Texas, June, 1884.

Impromptu Lines.

(Written in the album of a little Northern friend.)

My little friend, may all thy years
Be free from sorrow's blighting tears;
May pleasures round thy pathway fall
Like echoes of an angel's call.
And when once more you seek the clime
Where first you heard the evening chime,
And roam again 'mid scenes of youth,
Do not forget our Sunny South;
And as the past you wander o'er
Think of your friend,

JEFF MCLEMORE.

Lines to Miss Annie S.

(On her eighteenth birthday.)

Alas, sweet girl! the fleeting years are passing
swiftly by!
Another now is numbered with the years that
buried lie.

And though with joy we hail the day that gave our
being birth,

Yet in the heart a whisper comes, "tis one year less
of earth."

But 'tis in vain to ponder o'er the past with vain
regret,

So let us only view the light and all the dark forget.
Remember all our lighter joys—oblivious of our
sorrow—

And though the clouds may linger still, 'twill
brighter be tomorrow.

And when each birthday comes again, oh, may it
be with pleasure!

And may each day of the old year be but a buried
treasure;

And should some echo from the past awake a ling-
ering sigh,

Hope for a brighter future still, and bid the past
goodbye.

Lines to Jefferson Davis.

(Suggested by his visit to Macon, Ga.)

To be the noblest of the noble great,
To be the object of a Nation's love,
To soar like the proud eagle far above
All worldly things that may contaminate:

Such, noble chieftan, such has been thy fate,
Nor should be less, for thou wert born a king,
To rule with love, and lay the offering
Of that great love at every Freeman's gate.
Thy deeds were done for others—why should they
Refuse to honor such a chief as thou?
Where is the Southern heart that will not say:
“We come to bind fresh laurels round his brow!”
And though the North deride, it matters not,
Since thou art safe in every Southern heart;
Proud in that honor which has been thy lot
So long with the Old South to form a part.
The cause thou did'st defend was Freedom's cause,
And he who would assail thy whitened hairs,
Or strive to taint thine honor, let him pause,
For thou hast had thy share of worldly cares.
And for those very cares we bring bright flowers
To make a wreath for thy declining hours;
And in the twilight of all time to come
Thy name will linger round each Southern home.

1884.

Flora Lee.

Oh, Flora Lee! sweet Flora Lee!
Though parted by the boundless plain,

Yet I must still remember thee,
Although remembrance gives me pain.
And silent as I wander 'long
Beside the blue and moon-lit sea,
And listen to the night-bird's song,
I think of naught but Flora Lee.

For she's the fairest of her race,
There's music's sweetness in her voice;
An angel's meaning in her face
That bids the loneliest heart rejoice.
Ah, who could view so fair a breast
And feel his heart from love was free?
Where is the maid that is more blest
Than pretty, brown-eyed Flora Lee?

But we have parted, still the past
Must always fresh and gladdening seem;
And may we meet again at last
To live once more our blissful dream.
But I must bid her now farewell
And wander o'er the deep, blue sea,
Yet may some guardian angel dwell
Forever near sweet Flora Lee.

Galveston, Sept. 1884. 1

1 The first time I arrived in Galveston it was at night—as beautiful a moonlight night as I ever witnessed. I wandered on the beach and,

*Stanzas to the Blanco River.*¹

River that flowest by the sunlit home,
 Where lives the lady of my love, when I²
 Gaze in thy depths, and view thy surging foam,
 My heart responds to each embittered sigh.

She, too, has stood beside thy pebbled shore,
 And oft we've gazed into thy mystic deep;
 But we shall tread thy verdant banks no more—
 Our hopes were as the tiny waves that sweep

Across thy bosom—bounding to the sea—
 A moment seen, then lost to sight forever;

while listening to the song of the ocean, I wrote on the back of an old envelope, "Flora Lee." An hour afterward I read the lines over at the hotel and, so "homesick" did I become, that, instead of carrying out my original intention of leaving on a steamer bound for Brazil, I wandered back to Kyle—a poor *moth*, fluttering around the light that could only scorch its wings and leave it to fall and perchance to die. I *fell*, but did not *die*, and though fifteen years have passed away since then, I am still a *moth* and have found another *light* around which it is mine to flutter.* But,

Fools there are in every age,
 And I but fill my destined page.—1899.

1 At the time these stanzas were written the Blanco was one of the prettiest and most romantic rivers in Texas. At the present time (October, 1901,) by some whim of nature, the course of the once picturesque stream is marked by a bed that is now almost entirely dry.†

2 "River, that rollest by the ancient walls,
 Where dwells the lady of my love, when she," etc.
 —Byron: "*Stanzas to the Po.*"

*Prophetic.—1903.

†Nature has again been whimsical and the Blanco is itself once more.—September, 1903.

But, ah! from youth 'twas ever thus with me:

What I most loved was soonest to dis sever.

But let thy waters now reflect my heart,

That she each vain, though changeless throb may
see;

And tell her, gentle river, ere we part,

My soul is true through all eternity.

Tell her that as thou flowest to the sea,

So flows my love in one unceasing strain;

And know whatever either now may be

'Tis better that we should not meet again.

Then hurry onward to the dark blue ocean,

Nor longer wait beneath her eyes to rest;

Lest thou mayest cause some pang or sad emotion

To ruffle her unmoved, yet faultless breast.

And then farewell!—perhaps forevermore—

Like other loving friends, we, too, must sever;

But I will ne'er forget the sacred shore

Where once we stood beside the Blanco River.

October, 1884.

The Withered Leaf.

Though withered and faded

And now alone,

By silent grief shaded,
Its beauty all gone;
Yet round it is clinging
A love which decay,
Though still vainly wringing,
Can ne'er take away.

'Tis first of the treasures
That to me are left,
It brings back the pleasures
Of which I'm bereft;
And though it may wither,
Yet while it is near,
I'll cherish no other
With love's sacred tear.

December, 1884.

In Memoriam.

"And thou art dead! as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth,
And form so soft and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to earth."
And in thy cold and far-off grave,
Where soon, too soon, the grass shall wave,
Forever thou must dwell;
And then to think I was not near

To bless thee with a parting tear,
Or bid one last farewell.

Sweet sister! these are bitter tears
That I must shed for thee;
But as the Evening Star appears,
So shall thy memory be.
'Twere better though had I not known,
That I had thus been left alone,
Without thy parting prayer;
And yet I could not dare to brook,
A moment on thy face to look,
And view Death's coldness there.

It were enough to grieve the heart
To see thee slowly die,
And like the autumn sun depart,
Slow fading from the sky.
But thus to see thee rudely torn,
While yet thy life was in its morn,
From all that's blest and dear;
Makes doubly vain the bitter thought,
That I the sweetest hope had sought,
To find it with a tear.

But yet there is a brighter home
Beyond the silent stream,

Where angels all unceasing roam
And peace and gladness beam.
And there among thy new found friends,
Where to the softest zephyr bends
The rose of Paradise,
Oh, mayest thou from thy home above,
Still watch me with that priceless love
Thou never could'st disguise.

And I will bless each parting day
That brings me nearer thee,
And brush the silent tear away
That still must flow to me.
And may the flowers that soon will bloom
Around thy cold and far-off tomb
Be always fresh and fair;
And as in silence they must weep,
So may they guard the peaceful sleep
Of her who slumbers there.

1885.

We Parted in Silence.

We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
And perhaps we have parted forever;
But the past that is gone with its pleasures and fears,
No distance or time can dissever.

I thought you were true, and I knew you were kind,
And if once you have ever deceived me,
For thy sake it shall pass—there were no vows to
bind

Save the one, that I fondly believed thee.

You knew that my love had been given to one,
And that you were the one to enslave it;
But now all I ask, sometimes when alone,
Just sigh for the spirit that gave it.

And if on some morrow by chance we should meet,
Let it not be in anger or madness;
But as friends of the past let us each other greet,
And I'll smile, though I smile through my sadness.

And now fare thee well! I can wish thee no harm—
May thy life be as free as that river,
On whose lovely banks I was caught by the charm
That has bound me unto thee forever.

1885.

Stanzas to —.

When Fortune beamed upon my way,
And scattered roses round me lay,
'Twas then that I could smile and say,
Thou wert my friend.

But when the clouds began to lower,
And faded grew each tender flower,
Thou wert the first to wield thy power
 To see me bend.

And I did bend, yes, humbly knelt
Low at thy feet, for then I felt,
That power of love which once could melt
 This bleeding heart.

But now where love so softly sate,
Naught can be found but direst hate,
Which welcomes with a smile the fate
 That bade us part.

And I could sooner now believe
The whitest angels would deceive
And smile to see each other grieve,
 Than trust to thee.

And since our paths apart must lie,
I, too, can coldly say goodbye,
Without one parting pang or sigh,
 That thou migh'st see.

Yet mayest thou never feel the curse
Which thou hast wrought, and yet my verse
Would do thee just to wish thee worse,
 But go thy way;

And teach some other trusting heart
That gold is but the woman's mart
Whose smiles are only smiles of art,
Bright, false and gay.¹

December, 1885.

To "Bessie Smith."

Sweet "Bessie Smith!" I know your heart
Must be as soft as summer's breeze,
Because the songs your lips impart
Are sweet as summer's melodies.
And as perchance no more we'll meet
One boon I'd ask before we part:
Just sing me one song low and sweet,
'Twill soothe my lone and bleeding heart.²

1885.

1 These stanzas are entirely too severe and the acrimony they contain was not altogether justified by the circumstances. They are the result of feeling, however, and as such I will let them go, with the hope that those who may read, and perchance give them a passing thought, will forgive the wild impulse of a heart that was once less *gray* than it now is, although none the less trustful.—1899.

2 "Bessie Smith" was the nom de plume of a San Marcos young lady who wrote a number of pretty poems that were published in a local paper. Instead of treating my request good-naturedly, as most young ladies would have done, she regarded it as impertinence, and in place of a song gave me a rather caustic lecture, in which she intimated that familiarity bred contempt. Oh, well! it is hard to tell what a woman will and will not do, still, after all these years (it is now 1901,) I trust the fair "Bessie" bears me no resentment whatever and has long since forgiven what she thought was impertinence, but which in reality was not intended as such.

My Mother's Grave.

I stood beside a grass-grown grave,
The vines and roses twined around;
One long and lingering look I gave
To this green spot, this hallowed ground.
And then a tear stole from mine eye,
Nor did I seek its course to smother;
For the green grave that I stood by
Alas, was that of my dead mother !

Then kneeling down, I kissed the ground
That held the form of one so dear;
My heart was pierced with many a wound,
My eyes were dimmed with many a tear.
In life she was my dearest friend,
Alas, I ne'er shall find another!
With angels now her soul shall blend,
Yet to me still she is my mother.

Long years have passed since I have pressed
Her sainted lips, now cold in death;
No purer lips were ever blessed,
To bless me with their parting breath.
And now though silent evermore,
No more in accents sweet to thrill;

Yet on a lovelier, fairer shore,
They sing a song far sweeter still.

And now though parted by the sea,
By mountains bleak and boundless plain,
Yet 'twere the sweetest joy to me
To wander there once more again;
And spend an hour, with no one near,
Save the sweet flowers that o'er her wave;
And drop once more the parting tear
Upon my angel mother's grave. ¹

To Albert Nance.

Dear Albert, just to pass the time,
I'll strive to entertain you,
By scribbling a few thoughts in rhyme,
And trust they will not pain you.
For you have been to me a friend
When hope was nigh disbanded,
And many a helping hand would lend
When my frail bark seemed stranded.

But now we'll lay such thoughts aside,
And seek for fairer weather;

¹ The first two stanzas were written at the age of sixteen. The others were written at a much later period, but I do not see that age has made any very material improvement in my Muse.—1900.

Across the plains we'll take a ride,
And laugh and chat together.
We'll sing a song of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Of youthful joys and pleasures;
Of happier days, once yours and mine,
Now linked with memory's treasures.

Do you remember on a night,
(I think 'twas in December),
When with our feelings gay and light,
(At least I so remember);
We laid our little plans and schemes?
Each of us seemed delighted;
Nor little thought we in our dreams
We e'er would be benighted.

But, ah! the times have changed since then,
And likewise has our dreaming;
We've lost our youth and grown to men,
And have a deeper seeming.
But yet 'tis sweet to wander o'er
The past through time's swift glances,
And roam again on boyhood's shore,
And live 'mid youthful fancies.

The dear old mill!—I mind it well—
Down by the Blanco river;

The water flows the same, and still

It may flow on forever.

And the old mill is grinding yet,

In fancy I can hear it;

How could we such a spot forget

With such scenes to endear it?

And the green grove below the mill—

Ev'n now I hear the singing

Of childhood's gay and rapturous thrill,

Through the sweet woodlands ringing.

Yes, those indeed were joyous times,

When you and I together,

Joined in the merry summer chimes

That brighter made the weather.

And yet amid each lingering scene

We oftimes had our sorrow;

We'd close our eyes on skies serene,

To find dark clouds tomorrow.

Yet, what is life if 'twere the same,

With bright sunshine forever?

Our joy would lose its sweetest claim,

If naught came to dis sever.

They tell me now you have a wife—

May heaven e'er guard your treasure;

And may the blessings of her life
Bring to you peace and pleasure.
And when life's hill you've crossed at last
And to the end are nearing,
May every memory of the past
Be all the more endearing.

And through all time I wish you well,
May sorrow ne'er o'ertake you;
And one wish more I fain would tell—
May fortune ne'er forsake you.
But now goodbye, my eyelids sink,
The night draws near the morrow;
To "Auld Lang Syne" once more we'll drink,
Nor trouble ever borrow.

May, 1886.

*Flirting.*¹

(Taken from life.)

One day in June, not long ago,
When down beside the Blanco river,
Where flowers seemed more bright to grow,
And every leaf was in a quiver;

1 A modern critic has said, and with some degree of truthfulness, that the field of poetry has been so "relentlessly invaded" that it is hard for one to now write a poem without treading on ground that has before been traveled over. In other words, that the poetic field has been so thoroughly covered, that it is almost an impossibility for a present-day

I stood with one who idly traced
 Some words upon the sand before her,
 And then her hand in mine she placed
 And softly asked, "could I adore her?"

I told her "yes!" then stooped to see
 What 'twas the elfin maid had written;
 And then she smiled so sweet on me
 That ere I knew it I was smitten.
 For there before my searching eyes,
 (I swear it by the stars above me!)

poet to keep from plagiarizing, to a greater or less extent, no matter on what subject he may write. This critic may have been trying to justify some of his own actions, still he was not far wrong in his charges, as I myself can testify. Some of my own efforts have borne a resemblance to poems written before my day and time, and yet I had never seen them until after my compositions had come from my pen. The most striking instance is in that of the poem to which this note refers. "Flirting" was written in 1886, while I was a resident of the little town of Kyle. Years afterward, in 1901, in looking over a copy of "A New Library of Poetry and Song, Edited by William Cullen Bryant," I chanced upon an old poem entitled "Constancy." "Flirting" bore such a strong resemblance to this old poem that I felt myself guilty of plagiarism, although I had never before seen or heard of the latter. Mine was taken from an *actual occurrence*, yet so plainly does it seem to be an imitation that I give the other in full:

CONSTANCY.

One eye of beauty, when the sun
 Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,
 To gold converting, one by one,
 The ripples of the mighty river;
 Beside me on the bank was seated
 A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
 And eyes that might the world have cheated—
 A wild, bright, wicked diamond pair!

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
 Just as the loving sun was going,

I read, between my throbs and sighs,
 These words upon the sand, *I love thee!*

* * * * *

But ere a week had passed away
 Upon another she was smiling;
 She seemed the same as on that day
 When my poor heart she was beguiling.
 And then a thought rushed through my head—
 I hope you'll think me not uncivil—
 But ere I knew it I had said,
 "I wish such girls were at the devil!"

1886.

If I Had Known.

If I had known those sunny smiles
 Could ever prove untrue;
 If I had known those fragile wiles
 Were false and borrowed, too;

With such a soft, small, shining hand,
 I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
 Her words were three, and not one more,
 What could Diana's motto be?
 The siren wrote upon the shore—
 "Death, not inconstancy!"

And then her two large languid eyes
 So turned on mine that, devil take me!
 I set the air on fire with sighs,
 And was the fool she chose to make me!
 Saint Francis would have been deceived
 With such an eye and such a hand;
 But one week more, and I believed
 As much the woman as the sand

I would not weep to think that I
Had bowed before thy throne,
Nor would I draw one parting sigh
If I—had only known.

If I had known those soft brown eyes
That once could smile so sweet,
Like heaven's lamplights in the skies,
Could sparkle with deceit;
I would not flee from those I love,
Nor sigh to be alone;
Nor longer would I vainly rove
If I—had only known.

If I had known that siren voice
Was false as that sweet smile;
If I had known thou *could'st* rejoice
Because thou *didst* beguile;
I'd spurn the offer of thy heart
And of thy cheek's false glow;
Without one sigh from thee I'd part,
But then—I did not know.

June, 1880.

Farewell to Kyle.

Adieu, ye once familiar plains!
Adieu, ye pleasures, pangs and pains!
Adieu, thou sanctum ten by eight,¹
Where oft I toiled and scribbled late!
A fond adieu to Albert Nance,²
Whose memory time can but enhance;
And while no words of mine can praise him,
And though perchance my rhymes may craze him,
Yet for him I've a fond adieu,
A heart that's tender, warm and true.

1 During my sojourn in Kyle, Texas, from December, 1883, to August, 1886, I conducted, or rather attempted to conduct, a weekly newspaper, and it may not be amiss to state further that it was the hardest task I ever undertook. I was ambitious, however, to see my effusions in print, and as a result, being a poor business manager (so they said), I found myself at the end of thirty months of sweat and toil without a penny to my name and transformed from a light-hearted youth into a cynical, gray-headed man, with a thirst for *anything* calculated to drown sorrow and make one forget. So much for trying to *run* a newspaper in a town where the business was too small to even insure it a living. But I do not blame the town so much as I do my want of foresight, and the fact that the business interests of the town were not sufficient to give a paper the necessary support, was no fault of the people who resided there and who did all in their power for the upbuilding and advancement of their little city.

2 Albert Nance was among the first whose acquaintance I formed after locating in Kyle. He proved himself a friend at a time I needed friends, and it affords me much real pleasure to know that through the many long years of our acquaintance his friendship has remained the same. He is now (1899) residing two miles west of Kyle (which was founded by his father, one of nature's noblemen), and within a stone's throw of the house in which he was born. He is blessed with a lovely family, and the least I can hope for him is that fortune may ever smile upon his way.

And now adieu to Captain Kyle,¹
May fortune's grace upon him smile.
Adieu, adieu, to Captain Good!²
And while I'm in this rhyming mood,
In his behalf this much I'll say:
No better man e'er saw the day.
Adieu to Mister Middlebrook,³
Who ne'er a fellow-creature shook
Because perchance he had no cash
To pay the landlord for his *hash*.
Adieu, Tom Martin,⁴ and your beer!

1 Capt. Ferg Kyle, after whom the town of Kyle was named, is a good and generous-hearted man who will leave to posterity the reputation of having loved his fellow-man, and of having been as gallant a defender of the Lost Cause as ever went forth to battle beneath the Bonnie Blue Flag. He still resides at the little city which bears his name.—1899.*

2 Capt. William Good—a man whose character and disposition are suited to his name. I spent several weeks at his ranch near Kyle, and am indebted to him and his charming family for many moments of pleasure and enjoyment. For years past (it is now 1899) Capt. Good has been a resident of Quanah, Texas, where he has happily, and by fair and honest dealing, accumulated a fortune sufficiently large to make him and his family independent the remainder of their days.†

3 Mr. Middlebrook conducted a boarding-house, or rather, hotel, in Kyle during a part of the time I lived there, and was loved for his generosity to the poor and needy.

4 Capt. Tom Martin was the keeper of a place in Kyle where "liquid refreshments" were served. He was a man of great personal courage and as a peace officer did much toward ridding Hays county of desperate characters, four of whom fell before the unerring aim of his

*Capt. Kyle is now an honored member of the Texas Legislature, having been elected from his district first, in 1900, and re-elected two years later.—1903.

†Since this note was penned Capt. Good has laid down life's burden, and in that Land Beyond his generous, manly spirit is now enjoying its just reward.

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear;”
Adieu, the “pizen” which you sell—
In days gone by I loved it well.
Adieu to Ford and Allen,¹ too,
And all the balance of the crew
With whom I quaffed the goblet red,
To wake next morn with aching head.
To “Honest” Dave² I leave a smack
Because he hit me many a whack
When well he knew, I need not say,
To hit him back I had no way.

six-shooter. While serving in the capacity of an officer of the law, he was shot at innumerable times, but, to the best of my recollection, he was never wounded, although bullets pierced his clothing on more than one occasion. He was very fond of horse-racing and chicken-fighting and devoted considerable of his time to these sports. He was never known to turn a deaf ear to appeals of distress, and because of his many acts of charity he lived and died a poor man, as far as this world's goods are concerned. His death occurred in the fall of 1892.

1 Ford and Allen, like Capt. Martin, were also the dispensers of liquors. Chester Ford was a Virginian by birth and bore honorable scars that were obtained in the service he rendered the South in the war between the States. He died some years ago, after a lingering illness, and was buried in the Kyle cemetery. A. C. Allen, his partner in business, was a native of Massachusetts, and the last time I heard of him (1890) he had returned to the North and was residing in the city of Boston. Both of these were generous-hearted men and to my personal knowledge they did many charitable acts that were worthy of the highest praise.

2 David McNaughton—a Scotchman who published a weekly newspaper at Kyle after the paper I published had been destroyed by fire, and who, when he saw I had no way of replying, seldom missed an opportunity to publish something unkind of me, although I had never in my life done the least harm to him or his, but had frequently made pleasant mention of him in the columns of my paper. However, “Honest” Dave was not the first to wait for a man to “get down” before

Adieu, Ed Vaughan,¹ may ne'er you cease
 To be a justice of the peace.
 Adieu thou druggist and thy pills,
 Thy dengue tonic and thy squills!
 And now to Charley Word,² adieu!
 His heart was kind and generous, too.
 And Stephenson,³ with soul so grand!
 Forever here's my heart and hand.
 Adieu to Bob⁴ and Mister Dwyer⁵ —
 May they attain all they aspire!
 And Kennedy,⁶ not least, though last,
 Of those whose names we have just passed,
 My heart shall never cease to praise

striking him. The world is full of his kind and they are to be found in every community.—1889.*

1 Edward A. Vaughan is a man who has suffered much from "official itch," but who was never able to get elected or appointed to any office higher than that of justice of the peace.

2 Mr. Charles Word—a true man, a firm friend and a good citizen.

3 Capt. William Stephenson, the owner of a lovely home a short distance from Kyle. He was, and is, one of the best and truest friends I ever had, and such is the man that in giving him honorable mention I do honor to myself and to these pages.

4 Robert Hubbard—a young man who died a few years after I left Kyle—the victim, as he himself informed me a short time before his death, of cigarette smoking, the constant habit of which brought on consumption.

5 Mr. William Dwyer. An honest man and a good citizen.

6 Mr. Kennedy, whose initials I have forgotten, kept a stationery store at Kyle and was a bachelor of much popularity, especially among the ladies. He moved to California shortly after my departure from

*Mr. McNaughton is now no more, and the resentment I once bore him is forever ended.—1902.

Your kindness and your generous ways.

Adieu, loved Blanco!¹ yes, adieu!

Adieu, ye waters, dark and blue!

Adieu, thou lovely banks and braes!

Adieu, ye golden summer days!

Adieu, thou grove and thy sweet flowers!

Adieu, ye shades and lovers' bowers!

Adieu, ye scenes of other years!

Adieu, bright smiles and glistening tears!

Adieu, good ladies and fair girls!

Adieu, red cheeks and sunny curls!

Oh, if I could but sing your praises,

I'd crown you all with wreaths of daisies;

From heaven my soul would steal a brush

To paint a Kyle maid's heavenly blush.

Adieu to all, both friend and foe!

I know not where, but still I go!

To those who love me, here's a sigh,²

A kiss, a tear, a fond good-bye!

To those who hate, I give a smile,

And bid a long farewell to Kyle!

November, 1886.

Kyle, and in late years I have lost all track of him. If he is still alive, as I trust he is, he has my best wishes for his success; if he has joined the silent majority, then the least I can hope for him is a crown of gold, which *they* say is given to all who are deserving.

1 Blanco river. See note to "Stanzas to the Blanco River," page 32.

2 "Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate."

—Byron: "To Thomas Moore."

Stanzas to —.

Well, art thou happy in that home
Where all of joy that *wealth* can bring,
May at thy summons quickly come,
And round thy presence fondly cling?
And does the memory of some vow
Awaken still one pensive sigh?
And is thy soul as happy now
As in the pleasant days gone by?

I did not deem when last we met
That we would never meet again;
Nor dreamed how vain the deep regret
That comes with love's undying pain.
Thou wert my first, my last, my all!
'Tween heaven and thee I loved thee most;
And yet thou viewest my dreary fall,
Nor ask not at how dear a cost.

Oh, fair, false one! though far away,
I ween that memories sometimes wake
The echo of a fairer day
In vain thy bosom would'st forsake.
That echo tells thee of a heart
That plead and worshiped at thy feet;

It tells thee what it cost to part—
It tells thee of thy own deceit.

But yet I weep not for the past—
It were not manly thus to weep;
Time even makes all things at last,
And death soon comes with dreamless sleep.
And if thou can'st be happy now
It were not mine to make thee less;
Forget the past and each false vow,
And dream that gold is happiness.

1886.

La Belle Victoria.

With eyes as bright as heavenly orbs,
Before whose light the firmest quail;
With ringing voice that still absorbs
The sweetness of the nightingale.
To see her is to love her, then
To kneel in fervent adoration;
The envy of her kind, while men
Behold in sweetest expectation.
Oh, fairy maid! with charms divine,
And form as fair as any Venus,
May pleasures round thy pathway shine
To light the sea that rolls between us.

And may thy soul know not the care
Of withered hopes and dark despair,
That gather round the heart at will
And blight whate'er they cannot kill.

* * * * *

Her hair in long and graceful tresses
Falls gently to her slender waist;
Her glowing face a charm expresses
That in the pure alone is traced.
A look of mingled love and joy,
So radiant, yet so sweetly coy;
While in her eyes beams forth the light
That pleases, yet distracts the sight,
And bids us worship and adore
La Belle Victoria evermore!

Victoria, Texas, July, 1887.

To M. M.

When twilight's dreamy hour has come
And vesper bells are ringing;
When from his fragrant woodbine home
The nightingale is singing;
When languid nature softly smiles
With sweetest joy on me,
My weary heart its grief exiles,
For then I think of thee.

When flowers are blooming by the way,
When in their sweetest measure,
The song-birds sing the live-long day
And all seems peace and pleasure;
When childhood kneels in silent prayer
Round some fond mother's knee,
My heart forgets its secret care,
For then I think of thee.

When summer winds are sighing low
And murmuring o'er the ocean;
When soft eyes beam with radiant glow
And smile in fond devotion;
When tender lips their songs impart
Like music on the sea,
Sweet memories steal across my heart,
For then I think of thee.

When pure and tender words of love
By lingering sighs are driven;
When the sad notes of some lone dove
Arise from earth to heaven;
When stars beam softly from the skies
And gently smile on me,
'Tis then I close my weary eyes
To think and dream of thee.

Stanzas for Music.

When memory wanders o'er the past
And lifts the veil of other days,
Where many a cherished hope was cast
To slowly fade with evening's rays;

When all that once was blest and dear
Lies withered like the autumn leaf;
And in each sigh there comes a tear
To mingle with our silent grief;

'Tis then we feel the weight of years
Steal o'er us like a dismal wave,
While hope forever disappears
To linger in the cheerless grave.

1888.*"Eloise."*

Oh, "Eloise!" sweet "Eloise!"
Young love may come and love may go;
The ocean's surging roar may cease,
The mountain torrent cease to flow.
The stars may fall to earth below,
The sun and moon no longer be;
The summer rain may turn to snow,
But I will still remember thee.

My dream of love is past and gone,
Like summer clouds it passed away;
My lute hath hushed its once sweet tone,
And silent now my untimed lay.
Yet if perchance on some fair day
Sweet memories come with pensive ring,
Think not that hearts are always gay
Because sometimes they fain would'st sing.

But love like ours must never be—
It was too pure, too sweet to last;
Too like the moonbeams on the sea
When by some passing cloud o'ercast.
Yet one sweet memory of the past
Will always come to bless and please,
And time will only bind more fast
Each thought of thee, sweet "Eloise!"

February, 1888.

Those Eyes of Blue!

Those eyes of blue! those eyes of blue!
How like a dream they softly steal
Across my heart, so fond and true,
Whose every thought is for thy weal.

When nature formed *thee* from a star
She smiled and said, "thou art earth's rarest!"

And angels through the gates ajar,
Looked down and said, "she, too, is fairest!"

January, 1889.

Stanzas for Music.

'Tis sweet, when all around is still,
To muse on other days,
While memory with its magic thrill
Brings back forgotten lays.
The scenes of youth, now gone fore'er,
Once more are made anew,
And all that once was blest and dear
Seems fresh as morning dew.

Oh, days long gone, though now so vain!
How doubly dear thou art,
When every year but wears the chain
That binds thee to my heart.
Thy joys and cares, thy smiles and tears,
Awake a lingering strain,
While memory hides its sullen fears
To call thee back again.

The flowers that bloomed in bygone years
Seemed brighter then than now,
For time the spirit only wears
And clouds the withered brow.

And hopes, once bright, when crushed by time,
Leave but a heavier weight,
While distance echoes back the chime
Of youth's untoward fate.

Victoria, Texas, February, 1889.

To Genevieve.

'Tis eve! and musing here alone
The hours unheeded pass away;
My harp hath hushed its pensive tone
To watch with me the close of day.
The parting sunbeams kiss the plain,
The song-birds sing from bush and tree;
Fond memories come with cheering strain
To breathe of love and melody.
And fancies round me softly weave
Thine image fair, sweet Genevieve!

I dreamed last night I stood with thee
And saw fair nature sink to rest;
Before us lay a tranquil sea,
Behind us glowed the sun-kissed west.
And in that soft, sweet twilight hour,
With naught to hear but heaven above;

Unless perchance some unseen flower,
I told thee of my truth and love.
With throbbing heart thou did'st believe,
And I was bless'd, sweet Genevieve!

But dreams, like roses, soon are gone,
And thus I woke to life again;
With no one near, I stood alone—
Within my heart a burning pain.
I knew I loved thee—be it so!

I would not turn that love astray;
So keep it, and where'er I go
My spirit still will guard thy way
And linger near—not to deceive,
But o'er thee watch, sweet Genevieve!

Port Lavaca, Texas, 1889.

Stanzas to ——.

There's not a word my pen can trace
To tell thy charms so rare,
Or note the beauty of thy face,
So sweet, serene and fair.
As dew revives the drooping rose
And brings fresh life again,
So do thy charms a spell disclose
Which to define were vain.

As some sweet plant that blooms alone
Untouched save by the shower,
So hast thou, too, in beauty grown—
A bright and radiant flower.
No magic pearl within its shell
Could be more pure than thee;
Yet what thou art 'twere vain to tell,
And must be so with me.

I saw thee first in Pleasure's hall
With Beauty beaming near;
I heard thy voice like music fall
Upon the listening ear.
And from that hour I knew my soul
Would be thy willing slave,
Nor need I seek to now control
The love I fondly gave.

But let not this disturb thy breast,
Or wake one pensive strain;
Since thou art happy, loved and blest,
My heart can hide its pain.
And though it silent aches for thee
It would not dare impart,
One single thought whose memory
Might shade thy tender heart.

Stanzas to M. T.

As childhood's days slow fade away
In vain we check their flight,
And watch the closing of each day,
While tear-drops dim the sight.
The memory of the past comes back
And brings its joy and pain,
And in the twilight of life's track
We wander there again.

But when the spring of life is o'er,
And on the threshold standing,
A *woman* fair—a *girl* no more—
While pleasures are unending;
'Tis then each sorrow is forgot,
Life seems a golden treasure,
While many a sweet forget-me-not
Is twined with mirth and pleasure.

And though eighteen fair summers now
Have quickly passed thee by,
They've added beauty to thy brow
And lustre to thine eye.
They've left no trace of dark despair
Upon thy radiant face,

While in thy bosom pain and care
To joy have given place.

And may each year that rolls around
Bring naught but love and peace;
And may each friend that's newly found
Thy happiness increase.
And when life's sun draws to its close
Far down the western skies,
Oh, may'st thou sink to sweet repose,
To wake in Paradise!

1889.

Stanzas for Music.

(Inscribed to M. B. W.)

There is no heart, however pure,
But hath its pain and sorrow;
No trusting soul but may endure
Some bitter grief tomorrow.
Yet still amid the joys and tears
That come to us in life,
'Tis better that we hide our fears,
And meet the coming strife.

Weep not because some dreary cloud
May overcast our way;

The heart concealed beneath the shroud
 May find a brighter day.
 This life is but a fleeting part,
 And death blots out all pain;
 And griefs that settle o'er the heart
 But settle there in vain.

1889.

Though Far Away.

Though far away in other climes,
 While here I linger by the sea,
 Fond memory recalls the times
 I've wandered o'er this spot with thee.
 The waves are rippling just the same,
 The dancing stars are still as bright;
 But all seems changed except in name—
 Thou art so far away tonight.

The little beach where oft we strayed
 To watch the ocean ebb and flow;
 Whose laughing billows danced and played—
 Is still the same as long ago.
 The flow'rs that round me smile and bloom
 I feel they, too, are still as gay;
 But o'er this scene there hangs a gloom,
 Because thou art so far away.

Port Lavaca, Texas, May, 1890.

To A Young Lady.

(Who asked for a verse of "my own.")

You ask for a verse of *my own*,
And my answer is this: *I will try!*
But my Muse such a coquette has grown,
All my efforts may end in a sigh!

I am not what I was in the past,
When to rhyme was my fondest delight;
Time around me such havoc has cast
That my *day* is the same as my *night*.

My thoughts are all burdened with care,
And my life has grown sere in its May;
My heart is as gray as my hair,
Though my summer has not passed away.

But could I direct my dull pen
To indite what your charms may inspire,
My song would be touched once again
With the passion of Love's fond desire.

And the strings of my harp would renew
Their tone, which is silent and dead;
For thy words to my heart are as dew
On the flower whose brightness is fled.

As the sword may outwear its sheath,
So my spirit has outworn its case;
The flowers still cling to the wreath
Though broken and crushed be the vase.

But you see, you have now your request,
And a verse of *my own* I have sent;
Though 'tis *poor*, it will do with the rest
That may fall from a pen that is *bent*.

December, 1890.

Stanzas to——.

How different might my life have been
Had it been linked with thine!—
The yellow leaves would now be green
If thou wert only mine.

For love is like a tender vine
And creeps upon the ground,
Unless it finds some staff to twine
Its tender leaves around.

And so it is, sweet girl, with me,
Through all life's cloudy morning:
My heart must always throb for thee
Despite fate's timely warning.

Somewhere I've read a song of old
By one who sang of bliss;
At least his words were words of gold,
And something ran like this:

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."

And yet the fault, if fault there were,
Could only be but mine;
'Tis human though for one to err—
Forgiveness is divine.

But now farewell ! thou first of all,
To me life's dearest treasure;
May sunbeams round thy pathway fall
And life bring naught but pleasure.

Stanzas to——.

Once more beside the Rio Grande !
I watch its waters ebb and flow;
Once more in this fair Southern land
Where woodbine and palmetto grow.

The river silent flows along,
And wanders to the deep blue sea;
Some mateless bird pours forth his song
From out the tall palmetto tree.
And I would now enraptured be,
If *thou* could'st share my joy with me.

And here at eve when vesper bells
Sound sweetly on the perfumed air,
And song-birds sing their fond farewells,
And every leaf seems "stirred with prayer."
Here in this land of love and peace,
The roses ever bloom and grow;
And murmuring waters never cease
To kiss the breeze in tuneful flow.
Yet fairer were this land to me
If I could view it now with *thee*.

Last night I wandered o'er the ground
Where sleeping Matamoras lay;
The moonbeams softly danced around
The tranquil scene in ceaseless play.
Anon, the watch-dog from afar,
Or night-bird from some castle nigh,
Broke the sweet stillness—while some star
Shot dazzling through the cloudless sky.

All formed a scene divinely fair
Except, sweet girl, *thou* wert not there.

Brownsville, Texas. June, 1891.

To "Florence."

Sweet, "Florence!" could another share
This wayward heart of mine,
It were a pleasant task to dare
To ask one thought of thine.¹
Yet wish I not that heart to feel
One passing sigh for me;
'Twere better that my blood congeal,
Than that one thought I might reveal,
Should bring one pang to thee.

Thy life is like a rose in June
Beside some crystal river,
Till blighted by the dark simoon
It dies away forever.
Its tender leaves were never meant
For ruder winds' caressings;
It falls before its life is spent,

¹ "Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine;
But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so fair a breast to feel one pang for mine."

Childe Harold, 2—xxx.

It breaks ere yet its stem is bent—

The best of heaven's blessings.

So, "Florence," may it be with thee

In life's uncertain measure;

May fortune's smile thy portion be,

To bring thee peace and pleasure.

And when death ends thy joys and woes

Oh, may no pain be given !

But may that hour of last repose,

With kisses thy sweet eyelids close,

And light thy way to heaven.

Retrospection.

The year has gone, with many a throng,

Of blissful dreams and heavenly pleasures;

Of hopes that twine, with thoughts divine,

And fill the past with golden treasures.

Oh, days of love,

Whose memories rove,

Across the heart like beams of glory!

What smiles, what tears,

What joys and fears,

Are blended with thy name and story !

The rose may bloom and fade away,

Fond hearts may love and break in twain;

But memories fled, are never dead,
And oft we call them back again.
 Oh, summer days,
 Of joy and praise!
Oh, blissful dreams, now gone forever!
 Oh, lingering sighs!
 Oh, fond goodbyes!
Oh, loving hearts, that met to sever.

The springtime comes with joy and mirth,
And robes the earth with gladdening flowers;
The song-birds free, from every tree,
Are singing out the golden hours.
 Then summer's smile
 Would fain beguile,
Till autumn ends our joy and gladness;
 Then winter gray,
 Comes o'er the way,
And clothes the earth with gloom and sadness.

Oh, fading past! remembered still!
 Oh, parting joys, how dear thou art!
The withered leaf, the silent grief,
Can ne'er efface thee from my heart.
 And through all time,
 The golden chime,
Of memory's fond, though hidden treasures;

Will make more dear,
 Each passing year,
 That brought its throng of joys and pleasures.

January 1, 1892.

To Genevieve.

“Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
 In Beauty's light you glide along!
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
 * * * * * *
 When sinking low the sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
 Fair, as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And, therefore, love I you, sweet Genevieve.”

—Coleridge.

Sweet, Genevieve! long years ago!

(How fondly I recall the day!)

Down where old Harpeth's ¹ waters flow,

We laughed and talked the hours away.

Our hearts were young, and light, and gay,

Our brows felt not the weight of years,

And as we watched the birds at play

We little thought of clouds and tears.

The sky above was bright and clear,

The wind swept gently through the trees;

¹ A river in Tennessee, on whose romantic banks is beautifully situated the city of Franklin.

Sweet echoes from the woodland near
 Made music on the evening breeze.
And as we talked of pleasures nigh,
 We only thought of love and joy;
You were a school girl then, and I—
 Well, I was but a heedless boy.

But, Genevieve! we've changed since then;
 And though old Harpeth flows the same,
It cannot give us back again
 The youthful joys we once could claim.
The leaves of life are turning gray,
 The evening bell has lost its chime;
And memories of the far-away
 Are spectres on the shores of Time.

And here tonight beside the sea,
 Where many a lovely flower grows,
My fancy takes its flight to thee,
 And once again old Harpeth flows
Just as it did in days gone by,
 With dancing waves so light and coy;
Ah, Genevieve! forgive the sigh!—
 I would I were again a boy!

A boy once more, and you a girl!
 Just as we were on that fond day,

When watching there the waters whirl,
We laughed and talked the hours away.
But time stops not in his wild flight,
So by those joys that once were mine;
While gazing on the sea tonight,
I'll drink a health to *thee* and *thine*.

Corpus Christi, Texas, June 3, 1893.

To "Florence."

And thou did'st love me?—Could I feel
Thy heart was still my own,
I would not from thy presence steal
To claim a monarch's throne.
But in the light of thy sweet face,
Which always comes before me,
I'd linger in its heavenly grace,
And live but to adore thee.

Sweet, "Florence!" could'st thou only know
How fondly still I love thee,
Thou would'st at least some pity show
To light the skies above me.
But since thou wilt not hear my plea,
Nor know my pain and anguish,
Breathe but one passing sigh for me
While here alone I languish.

To "Florence."

"Sweet be thy sleep."

Poor, lifeless form ! so cold, so fair !
To weep for thee were vain;
That bosom now so free from care
No more can suffer pain.
And yet I would not hide the tear
Which comes with every sigh,
For thou had'st grown so blest and dear
I thought thou could'st not die.

I saw thee first in girlhood's hour,
When life seemed full and sure;
I saw thee bloom a radiant flow'r,
A maiden fair and pure.
But death has chilled that lovely form
Ere yet life's spring is o'er,
And thy young heart, once glad and warm,
Is stilled forevermore.

The withered rose greets not the rain
Which fate too late hath brought;
So are these tears now doubly vain
Since they avail me naught.
They fall upon my bleeding heart
Yet bring no peace to me,

For every hope life could impart
Is sleeping now with thee.

To Dora.

"My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine."

—Byron.

My own sweet sister! in thy far-off home,
Surrounded by thy loved ones bless'd and dear;
May all life's blessings at thy bidding come,
Nor Sorrow bring one solitary tear.

And may that fate, which has been mine to roam,
But lead me on again till thou art near
To bless and cheer me with that tender smile,
Which I remember yet through all this while.

I did recall tonight some fleeting days
Of long ago—now passed away forever—
And as the Sun of Youth cast back his rays
I felt within my heart a strange, sad quiver.
Youth gone, hopes vanished, nothing left to praise
Along the shores of Memory's surging river,
But "Dead Sea Fruit," which strews the trackless
waste,
O'er which alas! 'tis mine to roam in haste.

All, all is changed—each once familiar spot
Is not the same I knew in years gone by:

Forgetting not, as I am now forgot,

The memory of the past brings but a sigh.

Youth's roses and each sweet forget-me-not

Have lost their fragrance and too soon must die;

While I must wander on from year to year,

Far from the childhood's home I loved so dear.

Yet would I see thee free from every pain,

Though well I know thou hast thy sorrows, too ;

But clouds that come must pass away again,

And leave a sky still beautiful and true.

This were a lonely world without some rain,

And flowers soon fade without the summer's dew.

And as the dew revives the drooping flowers,

Perhaps the rain falls in this life of ours.

I have no one to blame for each misdeed

My follies in the past, alone were mine;

From the "Forbidden Fruit" I gathered seed

And sowed them without fear of race or line.

I followed neither men's advice nor creed,

Nor sought the wise, life's meaning to define.

My faults were all my own, nor do I care,

To have another now these faults to share.

In earliest youth I had one tender love—

A love of nature and of nature's own;

My sweetest joy was by some stream to rove
And linger there an hour with *thee* alone.
And if my youth's ambition vainly strove
To reach the heights of song, not then unknown,
I only know those moments were most dear
Because, my own sweet sister, thou wert near.

And as the years now swiftly pass me by,
The scenes of youth should come with double joy;
Nor could I now forget, though I should try.

The joyous scenes I knew but as a boy.
And yet in all these memories comes a sigh
To sadden, darken and perchance annoy,
And bring a shadow where the sun should dwell,
For who can say without a sigh, "Farewell!"

And did I not, in far, receding years,
Bid a farewell to tender youth and thee?
And did I not feel Sorrow's untimed tears
Flow from my soul like rivers to the sea?
Alas! Misfortune with its pangs and fears,
And Disappointment with its agony,
Though they may crush, they cannot all efface
The memory of each vanished scene or place.

But let me cease—my spirit feels the weight
Of other years, and I suppress a sigh;

I do not care my sorrows to relate
To grieve thy bosom in its constancy.
Thou wert my own sweet sister, and though Fate
Hath torn our souls asunder, let me die
Believing through long years thou art the same,
The one pure heart whose love I still can claim.
But now farewell!—though oceans roll between,
Within my heart thine image is secure;
I hear thee, see thee in each cherished scene
Where Nature smiles in loveliness most pure.
And through all time no fate can intervene
To make my love of thee less fond or sure.
Thou *wert* my own sweet sister, and to me
Thou *art* the same through all eternity.

*To A Youthful Friend.*¹

Sweet girl, your moments to beguile,
A verse or two I'll send you;
And if my rhyme brings not a smile,
I hope 'twill not offend you.
And while I do not seek to act
As guide or strict adviser,

¹ The "Youthful Friend" is Miss Marguerite Coleman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Coleman of San Antonio. Though still a schoolgirl, she is noted for the sweetness of a disposition which makes her friends wherever she is known.—1903.

However rude or rough, *the fact*
Will always make us wiser.

Just now you stand on girlhood's shore
A fair and lovely maiden,
And Pleasure's mantle hovers o'er
Your bark, with flowers laden.
Your morn of life is calm and bright,
No clouds you can discover,
But soon, too soon, may come the night
Ere yet the day is over.

Then let no flatterer's golden thread
Distract your thoughts so tender;
The ashes that too oft seem dead
Conceal the fatal cinder.
Before you life is full and sure,
Yet in the bright tomorrow,
The trusting heart, however pure,
May find a golden sorrow.

The noblest gift of God to man
Is woman in her glory;
But yet I do not seek to scan
Her oft-repeated story.
And though this world were won and lost
By her too-oft deceiving,

I think that man should bear the cost,
Nor curse his own believing.

Among the nettles oft is seen
Some bright and radiant flower;
So may'st thou bloom in grace serene
And wield a woman's power.
Not power to vanquish worlds unknown,
Or darken homes with sorrow;
But power to grace that purest throne
Which none can take or borrow.

The trusting heart that fondest loves
Sometimes is soonest broken;
And time, alas! too deeply proves
The weight of false words spoken.
But may your tender life be so
Such fate it will not merit,
Nor sorrow crown with pain and woe
Your pure and radiant spirit.

Give smiles to those who love you not,
And sighs to those most cherished;
It little matters who's forgot
When that most loved has perished.
A bright reward your life will crown
With goodness e'er prevailing,

So never seek some grief to drown
By treacherous friends assailing.
In every life some pain must come
To bring us back to feeling;
Some shadow flit across each home
Which there is no concealing.
Yet still in patience bear your part,
'Twill brighter make the morning;
And add a grandeur to that heart
Which smiles at Fate's dark warning,
And now farewell, sweet youthful friend !
May life be e'er a treasure;
And may no trifling pangs attend
To mar your peace and pleasure.
May Fortune claim you as her own,
And when life's dream is ended,
May every thought your heart has known
With love and truth be blended.

“Remember Thee?”

“Remember thee?”—By all that's sweet,
And bright, and pure, and fair,
Wherever fate may guide my feet
'Thou'lt be my only care.

Though I may go where mountains frown,
Or cross the boundless sea,
The brightest gems in Memory's crown
Will be my thoughts of thee.

I'll dream of thee by night and day,
And thou wilt be the star
To light my lone and cheerless way,
And guide me from afar.
And when life's weary race is run
And all should cheerless be,
Through gathering mists will break the sun,
For then I'll think of thee.

February 21, 1897.

Stanzas for Music.

When my heart lone and dreary,
Would cease to be weary,
And bask in the sunshine of pleasures divine.
O'er me comes softly stealing,
But one thought or feeling,
And I see in my dreaming no vision but thine.

Like a sunbeam from heaven,
When dark clouds are riven,

Thy sweet face comes to me and ends every fear;
Yet, when I discover
My dreaming is over,
My soul cries in anguish, "Why art thou so dear?"

By all that is dearest,
By all that is nearest,
By all that is sacred, I now come to thee;
Say not that my seeming
Shall all end in dreaming,
But let thy sweet spirit sigh sometimes for me.

Lines.

(Accompanying a bunch of roses.)

By these sweet flow'rs, to me divine,
I pledge my heart to thee;
Yet if it shares no thoughts of thine
Send back the flowers to me.
But should it share that thought, each rose
A secret sweet will tell;
A simple tale it will disclose
Of him who loves so well.
Accept them, then, and let them be
A pledge of my sincerity.

March 23, 1897.

Versicles.

As waves betray the ocean's deep emotion,
So do my words reveal my heart's devotion.

When lovers part, at first the dark clouds gather;
But parted, soon again there comes fair weather.

Stanzas to——.

Tonight when I saw thee
So lovely and fair,
With beauty all beaming
And free from all care;
I knew that I loved thee,
And felt that my heart,
Was slave to thy wishes,
All false as thou art.

Thy smiles to another
Were given as free
As those on tomorrow
Will be given to me;
And yet I would love thee
Wert thou twice as false still,
For my heart is thine only
To bend at thy will.

*

*

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*

Did I say thou wert false to me?
 Forgive!—I was wrong;
 'Twas my jealous heart speaking,
 Sweet theme of my song!
 A heart that's as pure as thine,
 A face that's as sweet,
 Could ne'er prove untrue or false,
 Or smile with deceit.¹

April 11. 1897.

At Evening Time.

At evening time, when twilight's hour
 Adds fragrance to the tender flower,
 And sheds that sweetness o'er the earth
 Which lulls the song-birds in their mirth,

1 In copying this poem I found on the back of the original manuscript the following note, which referred to the last stanza:

I was wrong. This stanza should have been:
 Did I say thou wert false to me?—
 How well did I guess it;
 Though I had not the courage
 Until now to confess it.
 Thy heart was not true to me,
 And thy face, ever sweet,
 Glowed not with true friendship,
 But smiled with deceit.

APRIL 11, 1902.

Beneath this was written:

'Tis idle to sorrow
 For joys that are fled;
 'Tis madness to borrow
 From leaves that are dead
 A wreath that is withered—
 And vain is the tear
 For hopes that lie smothered—
 For days that are sere.

APRIL 11, 1903.

In that sweet hour of melody;
My memory fondly turns to thee.

And when the twilight fades and dies,
And stars smile softly from the skies;
When Nature sinks at last to rest,
And slumber soothes each throbbing breast;
In that still hour thy face I see,
And wander in my dreams to thee.

And when the daylight gently breaks,
And from his sleep the song-birds wakes;
When Nature dons her brightest hue,
And sunbeams kiss the morning dew;
In that bright hour there comes to me
One fond and lingering thought of thee.

April 12, 1897.

Frances.

Oh, fairer than a cloudless morn,
Is she, this queen of earthly fairies!
And sent by angels to adorn
These Western flow'r-besprinkled prairies.
To see her is to love her, and
To know her means you must adore her;
One motion of her jeweled hand
Makes proud men humbly kneel before her.

Her magic voice is sweet to hear,
 And like a siren's song entrances;
 In all this world there's none so dear
 As pretty, dark-eyed, 'witching' Frances.
 And when at evening by her side
 I sometimes sit and fondly linger,
 I soon forget my boasted pride
 And worship even her little finger.¹
 Her sunny smiles are like the light
 Which breaksthrough lowering clouds that gather;
 They fill my soul with visions bright,
 And drive away all gloomy weather.
 There's something in those smiles so sweet
 That all who ever once receive them,
 Will soon be kneeling at her feet—
 For none can see and not believe them.
 And then her eyes!—No pen can tell
 The fire that from them softly flashes;
 Nor need I linger here to dwell
 Upon those drooping silken lashes.
 But this I know—when she is near
 I feel the magic of her glances,

1 "If ye would not hae me linger,
 Pleading at your feet;
 Worshipping your little finger—
 Dinna be sae sweet."^{*}

— *Old Song*.

*I quote from memory.—1903.

And then with many a doubt and fear
I kneel—the slave of dark-eyed Frances.

May 16, 1897

Stanzas to —.

When my heart feels the weight of its sorrow,
And my soul seems forsaken and lone,
Through the darkness I see a bright morrow,
And the clouds soon are vanished and gone.
For thy vision comes gently before me,
And thy sweet face in fancy I see;
And a feeling of rapture steals o'er me,
For my life finds its being in thee.

Like the sweet Star of Hope that is dawning
For the sailor that's lost on the sea,
Thy angel face came as the morning—
A light through the shadows for me.
It came as a sunbeam from heaven
When dark clouds are lowering above,
And the joy which thy friendship hath given
Is the joy that is hallowed by love.

If my heart should at times feel that lightness
It hath felt not in many a year;
If my soul through the gloom sees a brightness,
It is only because thou art near.

Like the dew to the lone, thirsting flower,
Came thy vision to me in the night;
And the pleasure I felt in that hour
Was the pleasure of truth and of light.

There is something so sweet in thy meaning,
And a look in thy face so divine,
That I feel only death intervening
Can sever my spirit from thine.
Even then, when life's dreaming is over,
And the rose hath ceased blooming for me,
In that moment perhaps thou'lt discover
That my spirit still lingers with thee.

1897.

Stanzas for Music.

If I could tell in words divinely sweet,
My love for thee;
If I could move thy heart in its retreat,
With melody;
I'd tell thee of a love that could not die,
And sing to thee a song sweet as a summer's sigh.
If I could press thee fondly to my heart,
And call thee mine;
If I could know that we would never part,
But like the vine,

Cling closer in the storm. Could I know this,
Then I would ask of heaven no more of heavenly
bliss.

October 17, 1897.

Fragment.

You ask me if I love you?
If my heart will e'er be true?
If I could live
And always give
My every thought to you?

And my answer is, if loving
Be to live for none but thee,
Then evermore,
Till life is o'er,
My heart will constant be.

1898.

Time's Changes.

(Written on revisiting the San Marcos river.)

I stood today by a crystal stream
Where grow the fig and vine;
I saw in fancy's fleeting dream
That old sweetheart of mine.
For here among these tangled braes,
In years of long ago,

We whiled away the summer days,
And watched the waters flow.

Sweet summer days! sweet woodland ways!

Thy joys I'll ne'er forget!

Ye call from me a word of praise,

But bring no vain regret.

For she who roams today with me

And views this scene divine,

Is dearer than could ever be

That old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis pleasant sometimes to recall

The days of auld lang syne,

And live 'mid youthful scenes, and all

That with fond memories twine.

But standing here, with one so dear,

Beside this crystal stream,

Methought today it seemed more clear

Than it could ever seem.

March 10, 1898.

Stanzas for Music.

Why do I worship thee? why do I sigh for thee?

Why do I find in thee all that is dear?

Is there no love for me? is there no hope for me?

Must I still look on thee with doubt and fear?

Is there no sweet reward for love undying?

Must doubt, and pain, and fear, be always mine?

Does not my faithful heart, in anguish crying,

Call forth one tender sigh, but *one* of thine?

October 17, 1899.

*The Storm King.*¹

TO

COL. ROBERT G. LOWE,²

WHO WAS A WITNESS TO THE CRUEL STORM

THAT WRECKED BEAUTIFUL

GALVESTON,

THESE LINES ARE AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED.

I.

Oh, the horror!

Oh, the sorrow!

Of that night upon the strand!

¹ "On Saturday and Saturday night, September 8, 1900, Galveston was visited by the most fearful and destructive storm in the history of the New World. The wind combined with the waves in spreading havoc over the island, and thousands of lives were lost—many unfortunates, whose names will never be known, being carried far out to sea. Others were buried in the ruins of fallen houses, and hundreds more were washed upon the beach, their ghastly faces making a horrible picture after daylight came. Human hyenas moved among the dead seeking treasure, and all day Sunday and Sunday night this ghoulish work of robbing the dead was kept up—principally by negroes, many of whom were drunk. The storm first struck Galveston about noon Saturday, but it was not until 10 o'clock at night that it reached its greatest force. For two hours then it raged with maddened fury and the destruction it caused was truly appalling. A little after midnight the storm began to abate and the waters receded rapidly. Daylight came at last and revealed a picture so dark and gruesome I cannot even attempt a description of it. Some estimate the loss of life at ten thousand."—[Extract from a letter dated at Galveston, Monday, September 10, 1900.

² I arrived in Galveston the day after the storm, and among those I met was Col. Robert G. Lowe, the veteran newspaper man—for many

Storm King groaning,
Ocean moaning,
Terror brooding o'er the land.
People crying,
People dying,
Death-shrieks coming nearer, nearer!
Mad waves lashing!
Rushing, crashing!
Filling every soul with terror.

II.

Up around the fated city
Came the angry waters creeping,
Without mercy, without pity,
Howled the wild waves, madly sweeping.
Oh, the horror, and the sorrow,
Of that night of wild despair!
What a scene came with the morrow:
Death and Ruin everywhere!

III.

Sorrow, Death and Devastation!
Everywhere a ghastly form!

years editor, and at present (1903) manager of the Galveston News. In describing to me the storm, he said something about the "horror and sorrow" of that night never being told. The words, "horror" and "sorrow," at once fastened themselves upon my mind and I could not rid myself of them until I had produced the "Storm King."

Who can paint the desolation
Of that fierce and cruel storm?
Here a child, and there a mother,
Here a sister, there a brother,
Here a father—there another
Nameless evermore to be.
Thousands carried out to ocean,
Sport of every wild wave's notion,
Swollen forms with dreary motion,¹
Floating out upon the sea.
Oh, the horror!
Oh, the sorrow!
Of that night of struggling, straining!
While the dawning,
Of the morning,
Brought no hope to those remaining.

IV.

Everywhere was isolation,
Everywhere was desolation,
Everywhere poor man's creation
Felt the force of wind and wave.

¹ I saw many human bodies floating in the bay, which was calm when I crossed it on my way to Galveston, and the peculiarly dreary motion of these bodies was remarked by each and everyone of our party. There were bodies of men, women and children, all in a state of almost complete nudity, and each body floating face downward.

And the living gazed and shivered,
Gazed and moaned, and strong hearts quivered,
Fearful lest they were delivered

For a still more cruel grave.

But the Storm King spent his power

Ere the dawning of the morning;
Spent it at the midnight hour—
Came and gave no timely warning.

V.

All along the once fair beach,
Far as searching eye could reach,
Mingled with the wreck and ruin
Lifeless forms were here and there;
And among them seeking treasure,
Human vultures moved with measure,
Finding an inhuman pleasure

In each dim eye's ghastly stare.

Oh, the horror!

Oh, the sorrow!

Oh, the scenes upon the strand!

Wild waves raging!

Ruin waging!

Dealing death on every hand.

Laying low a beauteous city,

Filling hearts with woe and pain;

Cruel Storm King, without pity,
Tell me, what has been thy gain?

September 15, 1900.

Lines.

(To one who will understand them.)

They tell me thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus share in thy happiness;
For still my heart can love thee none the less,
Nor can I less regard thy joy and weal.¹
Yet it were better did I not reveal
The thoughts that linger still within my heart,
And of my very life become a part;
And yet such thoughts I cannot all conceal.
Thou wert my destiny, and such must be,
I do not care to claim another now;
'Twere better, dearer, sweeter still to me
To live within the memory of each vow
Than trust to others—though however true,
They could not make an impress on my heart;
For all of love I ever felt or knew
Was given to thee. This knowledge I impart
Not with the wish of causing thee one sigh,
Or bringing back one recollection vain;

¹ "Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do."

—Byron.

I would not mar the brightness of thine eye
Though I should suffer every woe and pain.
I only know I loved thee but too well;
I only know my anguish none can tell.
Thou might'st have played a nobler part, and *won*—
“I would not do by thee as thou hast done!”

1902.

Stanzas to —.

However much I may have loved,
I do not love thee now;
For time has but too deeply proved
The frailty of each vow.
I loved thee—not as others love,
Mine was a soul's devotion;
Its strength no words can tell or prove,
Its depth was as the ocean.

But let no idle words of mine
Recall one thought in vain;
May joy and peace be ever thine—
Give me the woe and pain.
Forget the love I fondly gave,
Forget each vow I made thee;
Love's hopes have found a silent grave,
Still I would not upbraid thee.

L. of C.

January, 1902

Stanzas to —.

(On hearing that she was ill.)

I know too well thy tender heart
Will never throb for me;
I know I will not share a part
Of joys that come to thee.
And yet it fills my heart with pain
To know that lingering Care,
Should hold the cup for thee to drain,
Or cloud thy brow so fair.

When first I heard that thou wert ill
My heart felt deep its sorrow;
I knew I was not loved, yet still
No peace my soul could borrow.
I shared thy anguish, pain and woe,
And thou wert drawn the nearer,
For all of sorrow thou mayest know
Will only make thee dearer.

The bird that droops with wounded wing,
While sadly it may languish,
Perhaps its sweetest notes will sing,
For sweetness comes with anguish.
And so tonight my heart pours forth,
Its thoughts to thee so tender;

It sings a song, though little worth,
Is all that *love* can render.

And if one wish availeth now,
That wish will be for thee;
May joy and pleasure wreathe thy brow,
And pain no longer be.
And though our paths apart must lie,
My heart, in all its prayers,
Will ask for thee a cloudless sky—
A life free from all cares.

June 22, 1902.

To M. C.

(Written in the album of an English girl.)

I've heard it said an English maid
Was always hard to woo,
But I would never be afraid
To tell my thoughts to you.
For there's a look in your sweet eyes
That saying to disprove,
A look that tells of Paradise,
And bids poor mortals love.
And since 'tis mine to love so well
What harm if I my passions tell?

Galveston, Sept. 13, 1902.

To a Southern Girl.

!(Who made her home in the North.)

Sweet Maid of the South! in thy home far away,
When the moonbeams around thee are playing;
When the night draws a veil o'er the fair autumn
day,

And thy sweet thoughts go longingly straying;
In that soft, dreamy hour, when no one is near
To remind thee of life's subtle seeming,
Give to me, if thou wilt, but one thought so dear,
And remember me still in thy dreaming.

I oft think of thee, when the night comes to me,
For thy vision stands ever before me;
I feel all the light, of thy dark eyes so bright,
And I wake from my dreams to adore thee.
So come back again to the land of thy birth,
To the land where the wild bees are humming;
Where the rose sheds its fragrance so sweet o'er the
earth—
Where the birds will rejoice at thy coming.

October, 1902.

Sweet Beulah Rowe.

Sweet Beulah Rowe!
The flowers that grow
In the blest Vale of far Kashmeer,

Are not more sweet,
In their retreat,
Than thy loved form, to me so dear.

Thy matchless eyes,
Blue as the skies
From which they draw their heavenly glow;
New joys impart,
And fill my heart
With thoughts divine, Sweet Beulah Rowe!

'Tis sweet to be
At eve with thee,
And hear the nightwinds softly blow;
For then it seems,
Life's sweetest dreams,
Steal o'er my heart, Sweet Beulah Rowe!

And though we part,
My wayward heart,
Will throb for thee, where'er I go;
And with this wine,
To me divine,
I'll drink thy health, Sweet Beulah Rowe!

April 4, 1903

Stanzas to Clara.

(Composed while standing by the San Antonio river.)

Here, by this clear and winding stream,
Whose waters murmur to the sea;
Where languid nature seems to dream—
My fancy wings its flight to thee.
The river slowly winds along,
Its ripples laughing far and near;
The mockingbird sings his sweet song,
And tells of one to me so dear.
Yet sweeter still his song would be
If *thou* could'st hear it sung with me.

And musing by this stream alone,
And listening to this song-bird's lay,
My spirit could not help but own
Its love for one so far away.
The night-winds round me softly sigh,
And linger, that they might beguile;
The stars look sweetly from the sky,
And Nature wears her softest smile.
All form a scene that were divine
If *thy* dear hand were clasped in mine

May, 1903.

Contessa.

Sweet evening bells!
Thy music swells,
And brings sweet peace to hearts grown gray;
But joys divine,
No more are mine—
Contessa is so far away.

The twilight hour,
Whose magic pow'r,
Once filled my soul with melody;
Now seems as dead
As bright hopes fled—
Contessa's sighs are not for me.

Fond memories dear
Bring but a tear,
And hope and joy I must resign;
Across my heart
Dark shadows start—
Contessa's smiles no more are mine.

July 5, 1903

A Summer Idyl.¹

It chanced on a balmy summer night,
When the moon was young and the stars were bright,

¹ This poem was written by a friend of mine—Will Manlove of Kyle, Texas,—one of the noblest-hearted young men I ever knew and who died early in life from a disease brought on by over-study. After the poem was written he submitted it to me and, acting on suggestions of mine, made two or three minor changes. In the main, however, the

And the blossoms slept in their mystic light,
And were lulled by the zephyr's sighs;
That a wondrous change in my heart was wrought,
Of hopes and fears and bewildering thought,
By a maiden fair whom the angels brought

From the realms of Paradise!

A fairy maiden, from the Garden of Paradise.

A fairy rose whom the angels name
After the flow'r from whence she came,
"Flora!"—Queen of the flowery clime,
To Poesy sacred and in song sublime.
And this peerless maiden from realms above,
Stealing down gently on the wings of a dove,
Has opened my bosom and stolen my love,
Melted my heart and stolen my love.

And the hours of that night were told,
And too soon my dream returned to earth,
And morning came with its purple and gold,
And glorious in its birth.

But that fairy face with its brow so fair,
Crowned with its glory of nut-brown hair,
Like the morning sunshine streaming there,
Still nestled in my heart;

Softly and gently, nestled in my heart.

Kyle, Texas, May 30, 1884.

poem was exclusively his own, and after its publication in a local paper, he imparted the information that he had written it for me. That alone would be sufficient, to say nothing of the warm friendship that existed between us, to entitle the poem to a place in this little volume.—1903.

DESTINY.

Tonight while musing on the things that were,
When "I beheld what never was to be,"
From out the far and distant past,
Speaking as with the tongue of Prophecy,
There came to me the tale of one
Whose life, like mine, was filled with pain and woe.
'Twas years ago, when youth was mine to claim,
That I by chance first read this passing tale;
And though I cannot now recall it all,
Yet in it there were these few lines
Which I remember well:

“ ‘Why speak of love? I have no heart to give!

We merely loved to pass the hours away!

No, no! no more of this, please, while I live!

Whate'er was done, was done in simple play.'

She turned and left him—left him silent, still!—

His heart was broken by a woman's will.”

'Tis strange that I recall these lines at such a time;

But memory wanders at its own sweet will

And brings us back those very things

We thought forgotten were.

But I must speak no more of love,

So, "Florence," adieu! and I will wander on,

For should I near thee longer stay
My heart again were thine.¹

And yet I fain would linger still,
Even as the moth (for such I am)
That flits around the candle till its wings,
Caught in the flames, are burnt and seared,
And then it falls and dies.
Yes, I would linger near to thee,
For death with thee were more than life without,
And parted as we are tonight,
One thought, and one alone, is in my heart—
A thought of thee and thine.
Beside me flows a sweet and silvery stream,
While from a vine-clad tree
A mockingbird, unconscious of my pain,
Tells of his joy in song.
The moon smiles softly from a cloudless sky,
And here my poet-nature claims my thoughts
And forms these heedless lines:

TO "FLORENCE."

'Tis sweet, when stars shine soft above,
To feel fond Nature's thrill;
'Tis sweet to think of those we love,
When all around is still.

¹ "But near thee I could never stay—
My heart would soon again be thine."

'Tis sweet to feel there is one heart,
Though it may absent be,
Where we can claim a tender part—
One thought from censure free.
Yet sweeter still than these, than this,
Is Love's sincere, impassioned kiss.
And here tonight by this sweet stream,
Thy vision comes to me;
My soul has but one lingering dream—
A dream of thine and thee.
The waters murmuring at my feet,
The song-bird warbling near,
Make music that is strangely sweet
And tells of *one* so dear.
And in this hour of dreamy bliss
My spirit gives to thine a kiss.

Thus did my troubled heart pour out its song
To her who is its being and its life,
Till on the night-winds came a sad refrain
Which shook my spirit in its loneliness.
'Twas the refrain of a poor struggling soul
Crying in anguish o'er departed hopes,
And as the night-winds brought the murmurings
near
These words fell deathlike on my listening ear:

“Go, wounded heart, and cease thy endless sighing!

In vain! In vain!!—She heeds thy pleadings not;

Thy bitter sorrow can but end in dying—

Go!—Be forgetful as thou art forgot!”

The murmurings ceased as quickly as they came

But left a shadow o’er my weary heart;

Nor will that shadow pass away again

Until the sunlight of *thy* radiant smile,

Like the sweet light of heaven, illumines my way,

And bids me live and hope.

But why should I my destiny bewail?

Why longer love, when love brings only pain?

Is there no way to break the cruel chain

And cease to be the slave of *love* and *thee*?

Hearts break, ’tis true, yet stand the withering
blight,

And life will linger when all hope is fled;

The day may change into a starless night,

And yet the soul’s slow fire will not be dead.

So it shall be with me, and though the blight

May wither what it will not kindly kill,

Yet I shall stand the pain, and nevermore

Will murmurs from my shattered spirit fall.

’Twas mine to love, let mine the sorrow be,

And when the rose shall bloom no more for me,

In quiet let me sink to earth unloved,

“And there, at least, my heart will ne’er be
moved.”

July, 189—.

LOVE'S SORROW.¹

"No; gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring *woman's* shame."

—Byron's "Giaour."

'Twas evening as I chanced to stroll
 Where sweet San Pedro's waters roll;
 The crystal springs² that formed the stream
 Made music soft as childhood's dream.
 And lingering by that stream so sweet,
 Where lovers find a blest retreat,
 My heart forgot its every care—
 Lost in this scene so bright and fair.
 From every tree the song-birds sang,
 All nature with sweet music rang;
 Soft murmurings from the waters near
 Fell gently on the listening ear;
 And I forgot that woe and pain
 Still lingered in this world so vain.
 But as I mused, a heartfelt sigh
 Disturbed my dream, and turning, I
 Beheld a form that seemed divine,
 So softly beamed her eyes on mine.

¹ This story is taken from life.

² The beautiful springs that form the San Pedro river make one of San Antonio's chief attractions and are visited by nearly all tourists who pass through that city.

Her sweet lips parted with a smile
That had not aught of sin and guile,
Yet I could see that Sorrow's dart
Had pierced her young and tender heart.
Her face was sweet, yet sadly grave,
Her bright eye sparkled with a tear;
The lingering look to me she gave
Was one of mingled pain and fear.
Her hair was like the raven's wing
And matched the glory of her eyes;
Her voice had that soft dulcet ring
Which fills the heart with mute surprise.
No words of mine that I can trace
Could tell the beauty of her face,
Yet I could see that pain and care
Had like a shadow settled there.
"Why should a face so soft and fair
Be clouded with such dark despair?"
I musing asked, and then her eye
Glowed softly, as she made reply:
"There was a time, I need not name,¹
When I life's sweetest joys could claim.

¹ This line is stolen literally from one of Byron's miscellaneous poems, but the theft was not discovered until after "Love's Sorrow" had been written—a friend making the discovery for me. As I have no line of my own to take its place, I have decided to let it stand and without any further credit than this footnote.

I nothing knew of shame and sin,
My heart was trustful, light and gay;
I thought that honor dwelt with men
And little dreamt they could betray.
I gave my love, as others do,
Confiding all to him so strong;
I felt that he was brave and true—
Too generous for a single wrong.
Mine was a love to end with death,
He was my being and my breath;
The very ground on which he trod
I worshipped—for he was my God.
For me there was no sunshine bright
When he was absent from my sight.
He was a *man*, and I a *girl*,
Yet mine was still a *woman's* love;
Caught madly in wild Passion's whirl
I only sought that love to prove.
He knew I loved him, knew my heart
Asked but to share of his a part.
And when he gave me that first kiss
My very soul was steeped in bliss.
I saw before my vision rise
A fairy scene—Love's Paradise.
My youthful heart longed for his kisses,
There was a heaven in his caresses.

His very look would hope inspire,
His touch would set my soul on fire,
He was my all, my heart's desire.
But I awoke from love's mad dream,
 Across my heart there was a shade;
My soul could not suppress a scream
 To find I was *betrayed*!
Oh, cruel fate! that I should be
The victim of love's constancy!
A trustful girl whose youthful mind
Could only good in nature find;
Whose life was like a summer song,
So soft and sweet it flowed along;
Betrayed by one who seemed too true
A little deed or act to do;
Destroyed by one I deemed divine,
By one I thought was wholly mine.
Where shall I turn! where seek a friend,
 To soothe me in my lonely hours?
What pleasures can existence lend?
 What hope is there in withered flowers?
Alas, for girl! alas, for maid!
Who wakes to find herself betrayed!
For her there is no hope in life,
For her there is but pain and strife;

While *he* who that fond heart betrays
Too oft finds those to sing his praise."

She ceased—and though her soft eyes glowed,
The hot tears from them silent flowed;
Her smooth cheek wore a radiant flush,
The color of the rose's blush.
And as I gazed upon that face,
Where youth and love I still could trace,
I felt that curses strong and deep
Were his, who made those bright eyes weep.
His be the pain and his the woe,
May Fate no tender mercy show
To one who played so vile a part
And wrecked, for aye! a trusting heart.

"Where shall I turn!"—These sad words thrill,
And linger in my memory still;
And oftimes on the evening air
I hear that wail of wild despair.
Had she no friend that she could call?

No hand to soothe her fevered brow?
Was no one near to stay her fall,

Or turn adrift Distraction's plow?
Alas! for her who steps aside!—
For her the pit is deep and wide;

Once entered on her downward way
No generous hand her course will stay.
Caught in the current, borne along,
Wrecked by the siren's treacherous song,
She sinks beneath the cruel wave
And sleeps in a forgotten grave.

But scarce a month had passed away
Since by San Pedro's banks I strayed,
When she, the theme of my poor lay,
Knelt silently and prayed.
Her heart was bleeding, and her eyes
Were dim with tears she vainly shed;
For her there were no cloudless skies,
Life's joys and hopes were fled.
What can she do? where can she find
Peace for her feverish, troubled mind?
Cannot her youth and beauty claim
Another home than one of shame?
Must she still lead a life of sin?
Is there no joy that she can win?
Alas, poor soul! 'tis now too late
To stay the hand of cruel Fate;
Thy little bark is swept along
By currents treacherous, swift and strong.
'Tis thine to brave the bounding tide,

'Tis thine o'er the wild waves to glide;
'Tis thine to bid farewell to peace—
The victim of man's low caprice.
But death ends all our struggles, and
Death also stills the heart and hand;
And they who suffer pains and woes,
Find rest in that eternal sleep,
Which comes alike to friends and foes,
And dims the eye that vainly weeps.

So she, of whom I now would sing,
Sought peace and rest in Poison's bowl;
Death had no terror in his sting
For her poor, weary soul.

'Tis even said she gently laughed
When the dread poison quick she quaffed;
Perhaps the thought that life's dull pain
Would never come to her again,
Brought joy to her poor bleeding heart
And made her lips a smile impart.
And who will say that her whose love
Brought tears of anguish to her eyes,
Has not a seat in heaven above,
A home in Paradise?

And now in a lone mound she sleeps,
Unmindful of life's cares and wrongs;

Above her grave a wild vine creeps,
And song-birds sing their evening songs.
Her young life ended ere the spring
Had passed away—yet festering Care
Did from her soul such sorrow wring
That youth was withered by Despair.
She gave her all for one she loved—
To gain *his* love she wept and prayed;
But time, alas! too deeply proved
She only loved to be betrayed.
But who will say she was to blame?
This child of love, this child in years!
Did not another cause her shame?
Did she not suffer endless fears?
Cold is the one who would condemn
A heart whose fault it was to trust;
A blighted bud, a broken stem,
That soon must turn to silent dust.

October 1, 1903.

*THE WANDERER.**A Narrative.*

TO COL. WILLIAM GREEN STERETT.

MY DEAR STERETT:

In dedicating to you this, the longest, and perhaps not the least thoughtful, of my poetical efforts, I trust I do not impose upon a friendship which I regret only because the years it has existed are not greater in number. Should the poem outlive the author, then it will be all the more gratifying to me to reflect that it is associated with the name of one in whose society I have spent some of the pleasantest moments of my life, and who, by his unswerving friendship, has bound to him a heart which I hope will never know the baseness of ingratitude. Words of sincerity are not flattery, and I only honor myself and these pages in attempting to bestow praise on so true and tried a friend—on one whose generosity I have experienced on more than one occasion—on one whose talent has been to me a guiding light;—on yourself. It was my intention to end this Narrative on the banks of the Mississippi—that mighty river whose shores resounded with the roar of Jackson's cannon on that ever-memorable January day in 1815; that first echoed the eloquence of the immortal Prentiss; that floated on its bosom the bark of Jean LaFitte—themes that we often discussed together and to which we never referred except with pleasure. I yet hope to weave into verse these interesting subjects, for while it would be a pleasure to me to pay a tribute to Jackson and to Prentiss, it would be no less pleasing to do justice to the memory of one who has been unjustly dealt with by history—to Jean LaFitte, the Patriot. Trusting, my dear Sterett, that this simple dedication will cause you at least a portion of the gratification

I have derived from writing it, and wishing for you and yours a full measure of all that makes life worth the living, I am, in all sincerity,

Your obliged servant

And affectionate friend,

JEFF. MCLEMORE.

Austin, Texas, Sept. 9, 1903.

The Wanderer.

I.

Some years ago, while still a beardless youth,
And thus to while away my idle time,
I taxed myself to write a tale or truth
And tell what I might know in simple rhyme.
I scribbled much, until one day, forsooth,
Because my chimings did not somehow chime,
And more, to appease my very youthful ire,
I threw my manuscript into the fire.

II.

But hardly had my scribblings found their way
Into the flames, than I felt some regret,
For I had toiled through many a night and day
On what was then my passion and my pet;
And it were needless for me now to say
That I am rather fond of rhyming yet.
For rhyming, in the bud or in the flower,
Will lighten many a long and weary hour.

III.

But I'm no longer now a beardless boy,
And life is more a thorn than 'tis a rose;
For me no more is there that passing joy
Which comes to one before youth's summers close.
And what were pleasures, only now annoy,
And summer-time brings not its sweet repose.
Still I have not forgot the way to rhyme,
However much I feel the weight of time.

IV.

And after all these years, with hair turned gray,¹
I once again resume my idle pen
To trace on foolscap, feelings dull and gay,
And tell what I might know of *things* and *men*.
If any should my poor, lone Muse gainsay,
Reserve your judgment, for of late she's been
A little tired, and somewhat under weather,
With one wing crippled by a broken feather.

V.

And with this short, but uncouth explanation,—
This prelude to a poor and simple tale,

¹ "But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty!)"

—Byron's "Don Juan."

I'll stretch my sails and head for that far station
I started out to find—but should I fail,
Then mine must be that heartfelt desolation
Which comes with failure.—But till then, all
hail!—
What cares the world? and what will be the cost?—
Why, if I fail then I have simply lost!

VI.

And have not others lost before me—more than I
Could ever lose? And have they not survived?
And have not others breathed a bitterer sigh
Than I have known? And were they then
deprived
Of life and hope? No! clouds that linger nigh
Conceal sometimes the honey that is hived;
And when we look beyond the sombre gray
We find bright flowers in the far-away.

VII.

But I grow philosophical ere yet
My story has commenced, which is not wise.
Philosophizing sometimes brings regret,
Unless 'tis placed before one in disguise.
It makes us think of that we would forget,
And looking for its meaning hurts one's eyes.

And as 'tis mine to please, and not give pain,
I'll let it drop, and stretch my sails again.

VIII.

Did I say "sails?" Well, if I did I meant
Sails but in theory—but you'll understand;
'Tis a poetic license often lent
To rhymesters in their wanderings on land.
We say "our bark on her swift course is bent,"
When in full truth we're anchored "foot and
hand."
There's nothing nautical in this last expression,
But 'tis thrown in to fill out this digression.

IX.

There was a time, but it is past, and why?
Why dwell upon the things that once have been?
It is in vain, for time goes fluttering by
And what was once, is now a vanished scene.
So let us only ponder with a sigh
To think that we are still above the green
And chilly sod, which wraps this mortal form
When the spirit's fled and the heart's no longer
warm.

X.

And yet, who would forget all of his past?
Who would not roam again on boyhood's shore?

Alas! when winter's leaves are falling fast

'Tis then we sigh to think spring is no more.

And backward as our lingering thoughts are cast—

The scenes of youth, we doubly live them o'er.

We sigh to think that past is gone fore'er--

That happy past, to memory ever dear!

XI.

In Tennessee, the land where I was born,

A land where wave the willow and the cane;

Where grow bright fields of cotton and of corn,

My memory wanders o'er those scenes again.

I hear the wild thrush singing in the thorn,

I see the schoolboy tripping down the lane;

And then once more I dwell by that sweet stream

That knew my youth and laughed at my youth's
dream.

XII.

In a loved cottage, in that sunny land,

(Far from the spot where I repose tonight)

Where fragrant flowers grew on every hand,

Where many a scene most pleasing met the sight;

There dwelt a youth, a sort of truant, and

Some say he was a rather "shameless wight;"¹

¹ "Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee."

—Byron's "Childe Harold."

Who lived obscure and sought not fame or glory,
And so I'll make him hero of my story.

XIII.

And if at times, dear reader, you should find
A slight resemblance 'tween this youth and me,
Just pass it by, we both have the same mind,
And may become as *one*, for we will see
Through the same glasses, and become entwined
Each with the other—not in vanity,
But with the hope that each will do his part,
And bring but pleasure to the other's heart.

XIV.

My hero worshipped those who loved him not,
And so he parted from his boyhood's home;
And mingling with the crowd was soon forgot
And nothing then was left him but to roam.
He wandered on until the mountains bro't
His form within the shadow of their dome,
And there he thought awhile to seek repose,
And 'mid new scenes forget his earlier woes.

XV.

And often when the sun had sunk from view
He sought the summit of some friendly peak,

And there alone he watched the sky so blue
Benignly smile upon the mountains bleak.
In Nature he had found a friend most true—
The mountains were his friends, and he could
speak
To them, and in them find an untold pleasure—
A magic sweetness in their wild winds' measure.

XVI.

Bleak Sangre de Cristo! often have I lain
Upon thy summit, 'mid thy lingering snows,
And gazed afar o'er fair San Luis' plain¹
Where many a crystal stream meandering flows.
And I recall sometimes, with half a pain,
The pleasure I have found in such repose—
Far from the haunts of men, with no one near,
Save the loved mountains that I hold so dear.

¹ The view from Hayden's Pass, in the Sangre de Cristo range, is one of the finest I ever saw. On the east, one beholds the beautiful Wet Mountain Valley, while on the west the matchless San Luis Valley stretches far away to the Rio Grande del Norte, a distance of fifty miles. The first time I ever witnessed this delightful view was in the spring-time and just before sunset. The valley (I speak of the San Luis) was dotted with innumerable lakes that seemed as huge mirrors, while a number of pretty streams, fringed with willows, wound meanderingly along, adding to the height of the natural beauty. On the extreme western portion of the valley, a distance of at least fifty miles, one beheld a blue streak—caused by the trees bordering the Rio Grande, which formed the western boundary of the valley. The San Luis is one of the most fertile, as well as most beautiful, valleys in Colorado, and is owned principally by Englishmen, who have divided it into cattle ranches. The valley is more than a hundred miles long and fifty wide, and maintains several pretty towns and villages.

XVII.

I love the mountains, and I love the sea!

I love their grandeur and the latter's roar;
I only ask with either one to be—

Upon the mountain top or wild sea-shore.
They have an untold rhapsody for me

Which grows the greater as I see them more.
The former pleases with its towering height—
The latter, with its boundlessness and might.

XVIII.

But loving friends must sever, and 'tis mine

To leave these scenes of wild winds, "flood and
fell;"

Sad is the thought that I must now resign

The one fond spot where I so loved to dwell.

And oh, kind reader! may it ne'er be thine

To bid to that most dear a long farewell!

And as the mountains slowly fade from view,
I take one look and sadly say "adieu!"

1.

'Tis sad to part from some sweet spot

Where pleasures lingered nigh;

'Tis sad to feel we are forgot

By those for whom we sigh.

2.

'Tis sad to leave those cherished friends
That brought us joy and peace;
'Tis sad when sullen sorrow lends
A grief that will not cease.

3.

But he whose fate it is to roam
Must bear a hero's part;
For him there is no hearth or home
To claim his wayward heart.

XIX.

So wandering on, new faces greet the eye,
A language strange falls gently on the ear;
Above, there seems to be a fairer sky,
Around, a beauteous country far and near.
Bright-plumaged birds flit here and there on high
Whose ceaseless songs are ever sweet to hear.
It is the Land of Flowers!—beauteous land!
Where Nature ever smiles serenely grand.

XX.

Fair maidens, with that loveliness of grace
Which sends a thrill through all who may behold;
With glorious eyes, where poets' pens might trace
A brighter lustre than is found in gold,

Move here and there with that enchanting pace
Which, often though attempted, ne'er is told.
And a strange feeling creeps into my breast,
A feeling which makes everything seem blest.

XXI.

Here Nature's brightest objects all are found—
The glorious sun more brightly seems to shine;
Around me seemed to be enchanted ground,
While fancies strange with memory seemed to
twine.
In every echo there was a sweet sound,
A languid sweetness I cannot define.
And Mexico waved her banner high above—
The land of matchless Maidens and of Love!

XXII.

And as I gazed enraptured on the scene
I felt within my heart strange thoughts arise;
Three hundred long and tedious years have been
As naught in all that tends to civilize
These simple people who care not to screen
Their unenlightened meaning from the wise.¹

¹ This stanza was written in 1883. Since that time Mexico, under the wise guidance of the illustrious Diaz, has made wonderful progress and advancement. In fact, she has progressed more in the last twenty years than in the three hundred years preceding that time. This may seem almost incredible, yet it is nevertheless true.—1903.

Yet they seemed happy, and perhaps 'tis this
That brings them joy, for ignorance is bliss.

XXIII.

Here in its humble home fair Beauty dwelt,
Here languid maidens breathed their lingering
sighs;
I saw the Holy Virgin where they knelt
Look down upon them with soft streaming eyes.
And those fair maids, whose glorious dark eyes melt
Like summer stars in grey and azure skies,
Have lived through many ages yet unsung,
And thus to sing their joys my harp I've strung:

THE MAIDS OF MEXICO.

1.

The languid Maids of Mexico!
Oh, how I love their glorious eyes!
That like the brightest sapphires glow,
So soft, so free from all disguise.
They are more dazzling than each star
That sparkles in the skies above;
Like lightning they can flash in war—
Like summer twilight, melt in love!

2.

The flowers they give are not more fair
Than her whose hands may bring the posies;
In dark waves falls her glossy hair--
Her cheeks suffused with summer roses.
And oftimes in the evening air
I've watched their forms so coy and chary,
Kneel down in sweet and silent prayer
Before the shrine of blessed Mary.

3.

And then I've thought, oh, glorious Maid!
Could I but sing thy charms divine,
My feeble pen had not delayed
To trace thine image on this line.
But praise for thee is far above
Each fond, though vain attempt of mine;
I only ask to share thy love
And bask beneath such eyes as thine.

4.

And may those eyes through ages still
Retain the fire that in them glows;
And may each lovely vine-clad hill
Upon whose top the wild-flower grows,

Be always green, and fresh, and fair,
And kissed by summer dew's and rains;
And may the Maids who wander there
Be free from sorrow's pangs and pains.

XXIV.

Chihuahua! often do I think of thee!

Thy lovely plazas—and thy time-worn tower
That's stood the storm of many a century,
An emblem of proud man's invested power.
It were a pleasure with thee now to be,
To hear thy sounding bells ring in each hour,
Although there's one whose lingering chime is gone—
A broken bell with but a broken tone.¹

XXV.

The Usurper's hand was placed upon thy brow,
But slavery's chains full soon were rent in twain;

¹ When the army of the Emperor Maximilian, in 186—, drew up in front of Chihuahua and demanded the surrender of the city, the populace, instead of complying with the demand, crowded into the Cathedral, believing they would find safety there and feeling that the Emperor's army would not dare to fire upon the sacred edifice. In this the people were mistaken, however, for after waiting a reasonable length of time and seeing no white flag displayed, the invading army fired a couple of cannon balls at the Cathedral, both of which were effective—one striking one of the towers, and the other cutting a large hole through one of the tower bells. The populace needed no more persuasion and the city was surrendered without further parley. The broken bell remained hanging in the tower, but it was not sounded until the hour of Maximilian's execution, when it clanged forth the event and every hour since then it has been sounded—its clanging tone reminding the people of Maximilian's death.—1901.

That broken bell is only sounded now
To call th' Usurper's downfall back again.
His triumph o'er thy people was in vain,
And Time with dread, and yet resistless plow,
But writes more deep upon the "mystic wall:"
"Some day will mark each bold Usurper's fall!"¹

XXVI.

Poor Maximilian! would a tenderer fate
Had fallen to thy lot!—but that vain glory
Which thy ambition sought to satiate,
Was a delusion, a mere schoolboy's story.
Thou camest!—Shall my trifling pen relate
Thy coming, and then take an inventory
Of thy misdeeds?—Alas, that fatal hour!
Thou first resigned to a misguided hour!

XXVII.

"Ambition was the idol at whose shrine"
Thou knelt with a devotion strong and deep;

¹ The friends and admirers of the Emperor Maximilian will not admit that he deserved the name of "Usurper." Maximilian was no doubt misled by the importunities and offers of Mexican refugees in Spain, but in accepting the crown from those who had no crown to give, still he proved himself all the appellation implies, whatever his intentions may have been. Leaving his beautiful home on the shores of the Adriatic,—perhaps the most beautiful home in Europe,—he came to reign over a people who were in a semi-barbaric state and who refused to acknowledge as Emperor a descendant of a King of Spain.

The joys of life, alas! thou did'st resign
Upon an Emperor's gilded couch to sleep.
But disappointment, sorrow, death were thine,
And that fair bride who now was left to weep
Above thy dust, saw all thy glories o'er,
Then reason fled—her heart could hope no more.¹

XXVIII.

And now in an asylum, far away
From Mexico's fair valleys, fresh and green,
With the bright dawn of each returning day,
A poor, demented creature oft is seen.
Her mind is gone, her life a simple play—
It is Carlotta, once a beauteous queen.

The thought of wearing a crown may not have been uppermost in the mind of Maximilian, but the Mexican people did not believe their condition was to be alleviated by a foreign prince and they regarded the Austrian arch-duke as a usurper. The people rebelled, and were made the objects of many inhuman atrocities committed by the soldiers of the new Emperor. But,

“Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won,”

and in the end the people triumphed and Maximilian fell a victim to Mexican bullets. He was captured, through the treachery of one of his staff, Col. Lopez, at Quaretaró, and shot with two of his generals, Miramón and Mejía, on the 19th day of July, 1867. He showed the courage of a true prince when he was stood up to be shot. His remains were subsequently removed to Vienna.

1 Carlotta, the beautiful wife of the Emperor Maximilian, never knew the unhappy fate of her husband. He had sent her to Paris to implore aid from Louis Napoleon, but by the time she reached the French capital her reason was dethroned—the victim, it is claimed, of a

And all her hope is of a gilded throne,
Unseen, invisible and forever gone.¹

XXIX.

But such hath been, and such must ever be
The fate of those who strive but to enthrall
Their fellowmen, for a dread destiny
Hangs o'er each tyrant like a dismal pall.
And Time will mark with closest scrutiny
Each tyrant's triumph and inglorious fall,
And all the world, with eager, straining eye,
Will view his downfall without tear or sigh.

XXX.

And had'st thou not, vain Emperor, sought to plant
Thy tyrant heel upon fair Freedom's neck,
It might be now my task thy praise to chant,
And thy false brow, with laurels green bedeck.

slow poison administered to her in Mexico, and which, while it destroys the reason, does not kill. The poison is obtained from a weed that grows wild in Mexico, and the native Indians are said to be adepts in administering it. The unfortunate Empress never regained her reason and up to this day she knows nothing of the fate of her husband.—1883.

¹ Carlotta was the daughter of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. After losing her reason she was taken care of by her people, who built for her a throne which she has occupied almost daily, imagining herself a queen, her attendants acting the part of faithful subjects and doing her every bidding.—1883.

Alas, howe'er, thine was the Tyrant's cant,¹
A vain delusion, leading to a wreck.
A single star that falls, but all alone,
A moment dazzling then forever gone.

XXXI.

Thou cam'st to rule and trample in the dust
A nation fettered by a slave's base chain;
Thou migh'st have gained the name of being just
And placed this enslaved nation on the plane
Of better nations, but thou would'st not trust
To thine own heart, but let ambition vain
But lead thee on to a mistaken power—
A trembling throne which lasted but an hour.

XXXII.

But 'tis not mine to judge thy faults and errors,
So I will leave thee in thy silent tomb;
In life thy part was played to flattering hearers
Whose vain applause, while life was in its bloom,
Re-echoed far, but like thy courtly bearers
Fled from thee when, alas! the thickening gloom

¹ I may do Maximilian an injustice in calling him a "tyrant." I do not believe at heart he was tyrannical and no doubt the unfortunate position in which he found himself made it necessary for him to commit many acts that seemed tyrannous to the struggling Mexicans. Self-preservation is nature's first law.

Had gathered round—but when the act is played
And we must fall, there is no hand to aid.

XXXIII.

Still, Mexico, thou art a land of dreams,
A land of love, of romance and of song;
Thy valleys, bless'd by never-ceasing streams,
That murmur sweetly as they glide along,
Beneath a sky that ever fondly beams—
Thy towering mountains, lofty, grand and strong.
Thine is a land where moments seem the fleetest—
Thine is a land where twilight hour seems sweetest.

XXXIV.

Sweet hour of twilight, ever blessed hour! ¹
That steals across the heart like childhood's dream!
So soft, so sweet, that its enchanting power
Wakes in the burdened heart a purer stream.
Life has its thorn, alike its fairer flower,
But thou, in thy soft beauty makes us seem
Unmindful of the thorns—oh, let me be
Forgetful of all else, sweet hour, but thee!

¹ The twilights in Mexico are extremely beautiful and are calculated to inspire anyone with a poetic feeling. I state this in order to defend myself against the charge of plagiarism, and because some critic may discover that my stanzas on the Mexican twilight are a poor imitation of certain stanzas to be found in third canto of "Don Juan."—1903.

XXXV.

The dark blue sky takes on a deeper hue,
The song-birds tell the twilight hour has come;
The flowers awake to kiss the fresh'ning dew,
The toiler seeks his humble cottage home.
And time steals on—alas, how doubly true!—
While sounds the deep bell from some neighbor-
ing dome.
No fairer scene e'er met the wondering eye —
An autumn sunset in a cloudless sky.

XXXVI.

All nature smiles and peace broods o'er the land,
And toiling souls seek rest and sweet repose;
While here and there some youthful, joyous band
Seems happier that the day draws to its close.
And some fond lover clasps a soft, sweet hand,
Forgetful of life's troubles and its woes,
And finds sweet rapture in the twilight hour,
Which smiles alike in hall and leafy bower.

XXXVII.

Oh, blessed hour! and still more dear to me!
Thou bringest pleasure to my weary soul;
I find a silent rhapsody in thee
Which words of mine can praise not nor extol;

I only ask that such an hour may be
When time shall call for me the final roll.
With thee, oh, let my parting spirit sink!
And let my soul, sweet hour, thy glory drink!

XXXVIII.

Yet this fair land, where nature ever smiles,
Where every moon-beam seems more soft and
sweet;
Where every bright and radiant flow'r beguiles,
Where each green valley is a blest retreat;
Where only man's accursèd vice defiles,
Where maidens kneel at the sweet Mary's feet;—
Yes, this fair land has felt both sword and flame,
Even from the time the first Invaders came.

XXXIX.

Those first Invaders!—Here my pen must fail
To tell the woes they brought to thy fair clime.
Theirs was the darkest and the bloodiest trail
That e'er was blazed in the whole course of Time.¹
With sword and torch, o'er mountain, plain and vale,
They swept—a murdered nation was their crime.

¹ History furnishes no parallel to the atrocities committed by the army of Cortez. The Spanish invader was a man of dauntless courage, and being as cruel as he was courageous, murdering the unenlightened Mexicans was to him "an agreeable pastime," as one writer states it.

Yet there was something in their deed so bold
One cannot help admire when all is told.

XL.

Compared to those they came to crush and kill,
They were a handful, yet they knew no fear;¹
Their leader was a man of wondrous skill
Who knew not infant's wail or woman's tear.
There was no law but his despotic will,
To him no ties were sacred, blest or dear.
He waged a war of conquest and of gain;
He claimed a New World for a King of Spain.²

XLI.

His was a courage fiercer than the storm,
A courage worthy of a better cause;
A heart of steel which only strife could warm,
A grasp relentless as the eagle's claws.
Of knightly valor and of kingly form,
The maker of his own despotic laws.
He brought his army to this land to stay,
And burnt his ships so none could get away.³

1 The army of Cortez numbered less than five hundred men, yet they came to subjugate millions, and they succeeded. The story of their conquest is stranger than fiction.

2 Charles V. This information is not intended for the wise, but only for those who may have forgotten and who have not the time to turn to their history.

3 "In this emergency, he came to the decision, of almost unparalleled boldness, to *destroy the fleet*. He would thus place himself in a distant land, with but five hundred men, hopelessly cut off from all re-

XLII.

A struggle then of life and death began—
 With the Invaders there was no retreat;
 Theirs was that marvelous and that mighty plan
 Whose story makes the heart with wonder beat.
 A stranger story is not ours to scan,
 And time, perhaps, will ne'er again repeat
 A deed more daring, desperate or bold,
 Than this of those proud Cavaliers of old.

XLIII.

Here in a land where they were strangers all,
 (A band of scarce five hundred active men);
 They came to conquer and to rise or fall
 And plant the Cross where Darkness long had
 been.
 They came with powder, flint and leaden ball,
 And proved the sword was mightier than the pen.
 They warred with millions—desperate was their
 aim—
 They murdered, butchered in Religion's name.²

treat, and exposed to assault from exasperated nations numbering millions. This plan was no sooner conceived than executed. * * * When the soldiers heard of this desperate deed, they were struck with consternation. * * * They at once saw that murmurs would be of no avail; that their destiny was henceforth entirely dependent upon their obedience to their leader."—[Abbott's History of Hernando Cortez.

2 While butchering the natives, Cortez never failed to return thanks to the Almighty for his victories, and in place of the idols he destroyed, he erected the Catholic cross.

XLIV.

Naught could resist them, like the tempest's rage
They swept across the land with withering blight;
The idols that were worshipped many an age
Were crushed and broken. In their strength and
 might
They wrote for history such another page
As ne'er before or since has met the sight.
They put an end to human sacrifices,
But in their stead left other human vices.

XLV.

Yet those they came to conquer and destroy,
Met them with valor such as poets sing;
But with crude weapons, playthings for a boy,
The simple bow, the arrow and the sling—
These children of false gods, with natures coy,
Could not withstand the deadly cannon's ring.
And bowing to the will of Spanish might,
They learned, alas! that Spanish might makes right.

XLVI.

They then became a nation of base slaves,
Weak subjects of the king of Old Castile,
Who sent his arms across the boundless waves
To place their neck beneath the tyrant's heel.

They struggled for their own, but countless graves
Record the triumph of the Spaniard's steel.
They yielded to a cruel foreign nation—
Sunk in the lowest depths of degradation.

XLVII.

The idols which they worshipped fell away,
Their temples crumbled into silent dust;
It was to them the dawn of a black day,
A day of sorrow and of cankering rust;
And strangely did they watch their conquerors pray
To One they deemed was cruel and unjust.
They could not understand how a *just* God
Could bid his followers scourge them with the rod.

XLVIII.

And through long ages did they play the part
Of willing slaves to a disdainful foe;
For centuries did they feel the cruel smart
Of cutting lash laid on with heartless blow.
Naught came to cheer their bleeding savage heart,
And bitterest pain was mixed in all their woe.
They bent the knee, life's hopes and joys were o'er;
They kissed the ground which now was theirs no
more.

XLIX.

But Tyranny cannot forever thrive,
And tyrants live their little day and die;
However hard they struggle, toil and strive
They cannot change the course of Destiny.
And slumbering embers are too oft alive
And leap into a flame that tints the sky.
And Mexico at one eventful stroke,
At last threw off the cruel Spanish yoke.

L.

But, Mexico, I bid thee now farewell!
Thy mountains green and greener valleys still;
I fain would longer in thy sunshine dwell
To roam again o'er each romantic hill.
But now the time has come to break the spell
Which love has woven in my heart and will.
And so farewell to thy fair vales and skies,
Thy languid maids and their more languid sighs.

LI.

But ere I go there is one noble name
That should be stamped upon these idle pages;
For it is linked with honor and with fame
To live and flourish through succeeding ages.

A name that's free from censure and from blame,
The name of one of Earth's maturest sages.
That name is Diaz ¹—greatest of his kind—
A mighty ruler both in heart and mind.

LII.

His virtues are the virtues of the great,
His name alone has magic in its sound;
A mighty ruler both of Church and State,
'Twas left for him to heal his country's wound.
His was the steady, guiding Hand of Fate
That brought his country at a single bound
To that proud state which none can now gainsay—
A land that calls from me this heartfelt lay:

MEXICO, FAIR MEXICO!

1.

There is a charm in thy bright skies,
Mexico, fair Mexico!
That fills the heart with glad surprise,
Mexico, fair Mexico!

¹ Diaz is a name that will live for all time to come. For nearly a quarter of a century he has ruled the destinies of Mexico and under his wise administration his country has grown in greatness to a degree that is almost beyond human conception.—1903.

There summer's zephyrs gently rise,
There sing the birds of Paradise,
There softer seem the lover's sighs,
Mexico, fair Mexico!

2.

I love thy mountains and thy dells,
Mexico, bright Mexico!
I love the sound of thy sweet bells,
Mexico, bright Mexico!
'Tis there the softest music swells,
'Tis there the fairest maiden dwells,
'Tis there the youth his passion tells,
Mexico, bright Mexico!

3.

The music of thy crystal streams,
Mexico, loved Mexico!
Is sweet as childhood's blissful dreams,
Mexico, loved Mexico!
'Tis there that languid nature beams,
'Tis there the rose more perfect seems,
'Tis there the air with incense teems,
Mexico, loved Mexico!

4.

The sweetness of thy maidens fair,
Mexico, sweet Mexico!

Dispels each thought of pain and care,
Mexico, sweet Mexico!
'Tis theirs to drive away despair,
'Tis theirs to mingle love with prayer,
When danger comes 'tis theirs to dare,
Mexico, sweet Mexico!

5.

When foreign foes from far away,
Mexico, brave Mexico!
Clashed with thy sons in war's array,
Mexico, brave Mexico!
When on thy prairies bleeding lay,
Brave foemen in thir Southern gray,
There knelt the Maids of Monterey,
Mexico, brave Mexico!

6.

Oh, may thy glories never cease,
Mexico, fair Mexico!
And may thy splendor still increase,
Mexico, fair Mexico!
'Tis thine to bless and thine to please,
Thine be the fame of Ancient Greece,
Thine be a land of love and peace,
Mexico, fair Mexico!

LIII.

I stood once more beside the Rio Grande,
And saw the sun rise o'er the eastern plain;
I saw it smile upon a glorious land
Where Freedom's banner does not wave in vain.
I felt the magic of that sunrise, and
I breathed the welcomed breezes once again.
It was o'er Texas' plains I glanced along
Those plains told often both in prose and song.

LIV.

Fair Texas! country of my boyhood's dream!
Well mayest thy sisters call thee Empire State!
For thy green plains and greener valleys teem
With all that makes thee either blest or great.
Thou art even more than thou perchance may'st
seem—
The favored child of an o'er-generous fate.
And thy Lone Star shines brighter than the rest—
A Star eternal and forever blest.

LV.

Thy glories are not questioned, and thy name
Now forms the brightest part of Glory's page;
Thy freedom dearly bought with sword and flame
Gains greater lustre with advancing age.

While those who struggled for thee left a fame
Bright as the lightnings when they flash in rage.
They were grand heroes, battling to be free,
Beneath the glorious Flag of Liberty.

LVI.

Their struggle was a brave one, bitter, long,
But they were Spartans each and everyone;
Armed in the right it made them still more strong,
And they were guided by fair Freedom's sun.
They triumphed!—Right must triumph over Wrong,
And Freedom's glorious battle once begun
Must end in victory, yet many a noble life
Was yielded up in the uneven strife.

LVII.

In Goliad there is a granite tomb,
A silent witness of the foulest crime
That ever filled a struggling land with gloom—
A crime so bloody that throughout all time
It will cry out aloud of those whose doom
Made of them martyrs.—Oh, for words sublime!
That I might tell with an undying breath
How Fannin and his comrades met their death!¹

¹ Col. John C. Duval, one of the survivors of the Goliad massacre, in an interesting little book entitled "Early Times in Texas," says when Col. Fannin left Goliad his "whole force comprised about two hundred

LVIII.

It was the darkest deed that ever thrilled¹

The heart of man, or echoed through the world;
A deed so dark no butcher ever willed

A darker one—here Murder's dart was hurled
And generous hearts forevermore were stilled

While Freedom's blood-stained flag was sadly
furled.

Prisoners of war! all murdered in cold blood,
And left upon the plain for vultures' food.²

LIX.

The old stone church where first they were confined,
Is standing still, though falling to decay;

and fifty men, besides a small company of artillery and twenty-five mounted men under Col. Horton." The mounted men were sent ahead to reconnoitre and being cut off by the Mexicans, who suddenly appeared in large numbers, found it impossible to rejoin their command and most of them made their escape. Those with Fannin were ultimately surrendered to the Mexicans, as were also those under Col. Ward at Refugio, numbering about one hundred and fifty, and those under Maj. Miller at Copano, numbering about eighty, making a grand total of nearly five hundred men who were to be made the victims of Santa Anna's cruelty.

1 "On that morning (Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836), the prisoners * * were marched out in four divisions and cruelly shot to death by their guards. Of the more than four hundred prisoners only twenty-seven escaped and made their way to the American settlements."—[The Texas Magazine.

2 "When the terms of capitulation had been fully decided upon, Gen. Urrea and his secretary and interpreter came into our lines with Col. Fannin, where it was reduced to writing, and an English transla-

About the walls some weeds and vines are twined,
 A safe retreat, where toads and lizzards play.
 'Tis hard to picture in the human mind
 The horror of that dark and bloody day,
 When from this church they were marched forth
 and told
 That each and everyone would be "paroled."¹

LX.

But their "parole" was an untoward fate—
 Shot down like dogs and left upon the plain
 Was their sad lot, nor need I now relate
 How wantonly and fiercely they were slain.
 It were enough to write on History's page
 This devilish deed that e'er will be a stain

tion given to Col. Fannin, which was read to our men. I am thus particular in stating what I know to be the facts in regard to this capitulation, because I have seen it stated that Gen. Santa Anna always asserted there was no capitulation, and that Col. Fannin surrendered at discretion to Gen. Urrea. * * * Gen. Urrea, I believe, never denied the fact of the capitulation, and I have been informed, when the order was sent him by Santa Anna to execute the prisoners he refused to carry it into effect, and turned over the command to a subaltern. I have always believed myself that Gen. Urrea entered into the capitulation with Col. Fannin in good faith, and that the massacre of the prisoners * * * was by the express order of Santa Anna, and against the *remonstrance* of Gen. Urrea."—"Early Times in Texas," by Col. John C. Duval.

1 "On the morning of the 27th of March (1836), a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on 'parole,' and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans on board of the vessels then at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful news to us, and we lost no time in making

Upon the Book of Time!—but none e'er knew
A deed so dark and yet so doubly true.

LXI.

Unlike the heroes of the Alamo,
Who fought and battled to the bitter end,
They had surrendered to a conquering foe
And felt that safety which sweet hope can lend
To hearts in trouble—little did they know
The fiends with whom'twas theirs to then contend.
Prisoners of war! each murdered where he stood,
And left to welter in his own heart's blood.

preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready we were formed into three divisions and marched out under a strong guard. As we passed some Mexican women who were standing near the main entrance to the fort, we heard them say 'probreцитos' (poor fellows), but the incident at the time made but little impression on my mind. * * * A strong guard accompanied us, marching in double files on both sides of our column. It occurred to me that this division of our men into three squads, and marching us off in three directions, was rather a singular maneuver, but still I had no suspicion of the foul play intended us. When about half a mile above town a halt was made and the guard on the side next the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this maneuver been executed, when I heard a heavy firing of musketry in the directions taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed, 'Boys! they are going to shoot us!' and at the same time I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican line. I turned to look, and as I did so, the Mexicans fired upon us, killing probably one hundred out of the one hundred and fifty in the division. We were in double file and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead, and in falling he knocked me down. * * * When I rose to my feet I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me, and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing towards the river about five hundred yards distant. I followed on after them, for I knew that escape in any other direction (all open prairie) would be impossible, and I had nearly

LXII.

But such foul deeds will always, soon or late,
Meet the reward so justly they deserve;
And there is justice in that unseen fate
Which steels the sword and gives the heart fresh
nerve.
They were avenged, and thus I dedicate
To their avengers (who ne'er once did swerve
From Duty's path) this unpoetic song
Which tells of struggles bitter, fierce and long:

1.

When Glory draws her sacred sword
To smite the ground where tyrant's tread,
And hurls the dark, avenging word
Of "Freedom!" at each tyrant's head,
Earth, Ocean, Air and Nature's all
Will smile to see such tyrants fall.

reached the river before it became necessary to make my way through the Mexican line ahead. As I did so, one of the soldiers charged upon me with his bayonet (his gun, I suppose, being empty.) As he drew his musket back to make a lunge at me one of our men, coming from another direction, ran between us and the bayonet was driven through his body. The blow was given with such force, that in falling the man probably wrenched or twisted the bayonet in such a way as to prevent the Mexican from withdrawing it immediately. I saw him put his foot upon the man and make an ineffectual attempt to extricate the bayonet from his body, but one look satisfied me * * * and I hastened to the bank of the river and plunged in. * * * Being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, untouched by any of the bullets that were pattering in the water around my head."—"Early Times in Texas," by Col. John C. Duval.

2.

So was it on that Sabbath day¹
When in the fated Alamo,
A band of Patriots stood at bay
Before a base, yet conquering foe.
A fearless band—they stood alone—
With frames of oak and hearts of stone.

3.

That morn beheld them high in life,
Undaunted, brave, defiant all;
That noon beheld them in a strife
Which gathered o'er them like the pall
That hovers o'er the mighty dead
Ere the last spark of life is fled.

4.

The Mexic hosts now swarm around
In numbers ten or twenty fold;
Their dead is heaped upon the ground
While still the fort the Patriots hold.

¹ The final assault on the Alamo was made on Sunday morning, March 6, 1836. The Mexican forces, under Gen. Santa Anna, numbered about 6,000 men; the American, under Col. William Barrett Travis, numbered, all told, less than 175. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded was variously estimated at from 2,000 to 2,500, the killed alone amounting to about 1,600. The American loss is best told in the words inscribed on the monument erected to the memory of the defenders of the Alamo, and which are as follows:

“Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat,
But the Alamo had none.”

Again they charge, yet charge in vain,
And then recoil to charge again.

5.

Like sheep unto the slaughter driven,
So are they hurled against the walls;
With dying screams the air is riven
As many a swarthy foeman falls.
But onward urged by tyrant chief
In death they seek and find relief.

6.

But as the storm grows fierce and wild,
The Patriot band sees hope is fled;
All thought of victory is exiled—
Around is heaped the Spartan dead.
Few, few are left to fight and die,
But these still strike for Liberty.

7.

At length within the wall is made
A breach wherein the foemen pour;
In death each Patriot low is laid,
And soon the gory strife is o'er.
The Tyrant won, but on that plain
Lie hundreds of his fallen slain.

8.

And in that Fated Alamo

There perished many a noble soul,

But as the days shall come and go

Their names will be on Glory's roll.

They made a new Thermopylæ

And died, that Texas might be free.

9.

There Crockett fell, and Travis, too,

And Bowie,¹ bravest of the brave;

And other heroes grand and true

Who fell to fill a Patriot's grave.

Their's be the glory, their's the love

Entwined with Freedom's glorious move.

10.

And as the years shall roll around

The poet's song will fondly tell

How on this consecrated ground

These noble heroes fought and fell.

Posterity will crown with fame

Each hero's death—each hero's name. ²

¹ Crockett, Travis and Bowie! These names are immortal, and like that of Leonidas will live for all time to come. Marble shafts commemorating their deeds may crumble to dust, but the Alamo, like Thermopylæ, is imperishable.

² The Alamo fell before the Goliad massacre took place, but in mentioning the latter first in this Narrative, I have simply followed a plan which best suited my purpose and which, I think, does not detract any from my story.

LXIII.

The Alamo today is standing there—
A venerable pile of stone and clay;
Here many pause to offer up a prayer
Against the hand of Ruin and Decay.
Though it should be each patriot's tenderest care,
The Alamo is crumbling fast away.
Cannot our Empire State take a just pride
In these old walls, where such brave martyrs died?

LXIV.

Will it be said by future generations,
That their forefathers were a thankless lot?
Will not the plea of other feeling nations
Inspire our love for this all-hallowed spot?
Shall we forget our sacred obligations?
Are we so base that past deeds are forgot?
Awake, ye Texans! be no longer dumb—
Preserve the Alamo for all time to come.

LXV.

There Liberty was born! and shall we then
Stand idly by and see this old pile fall?
Can we not find among the sons of men
Those who will strive Time's ruin to forestall?

Cannot our State, I ask it once again,
Spread its protecting wing o'er this, o'er all?
Arise, oh, Texas! ere it be too late,
And save these walls from an untoward fate!¹

LXVI.

Where is the ground that should be more revered?
Where is the spot deserving more our love?
Are not the deeds of glory most endeared
When those who make them by their valor prove
That they were martyrs?—Are our minds so seared
That memories of the past no longer move
Our hearts to reverence for the mighty dead?
Must we forget the spot where martyrs bled?

LXVII.

Where is the land, of high degree or low,
(That ever felt the force of cruel war)—
What land can proudly claim an Alamo?
There is but ONE—the Land of the Lone Star!

¹ Since this and the two preceding stanzas were written, the work of preserving the Alamo has been undertaken by a young lady, a native Texan, who deserves far greater praise than it is in my power to bestow. This lady is Miss Clara Driscoll, and the effort she is making to protect from Time's "effacing fingers" the historic walls deserves the commendation and support of every loyal Texan. At her request, the Twenty-eighth Legislature made a small appropriation to assist her in her noble work, but it was left for a Governor of the State to put his veto on the Legislature's gift and by so doing proclaim to the world

Texas alone so famed a spot can show,
Look as we may, however near or far.
A monument unparalleled on earth—
The place that gave to Texan Freedom birth.

LXVIII.

But I digress, and yet I love digression—
It takes one from the old and beaten road;
It sometimes helps to drive away depression
And lightens in some way the scribbler's load.
And if it has not quite fulfilled its mission
It has, at least, in this one instance *showed*
That one needs nothing more than words that chime
To help him on when he starts out to rhyme.

LXIX.

But where is he, the hero of my theme?
The idle Wanderer of this idle lay?
'Tis well that we awake him from his dream
To still pursue his lone and cheerless way.
And if the world prove not what it may seem,
If for him there should be one lingering ray

that Texas has no patriotism where a few paltry dollars are concerned. Miss Driscoll is undaunted, however, and has appealed to the people direct to assist with small contributions in the great work she has undertaken, and it is gratifying to state that her appeal is not being made in vain, many who do not even live in the State sending in their mite.—1903.

Of hope—then he has wandered not in vain,
And joy may yet be mixed with all his pain.

LXX.

Yet, how can joy bring rapture to a soul
That knew so many sorrows in the past?
That wept with misery it could not control?
That saw its skies by darkness overcast?
Were that the all of life? were that the whole?—
I can but feel a day will come at last
With cloudless skies—a day serenely fair,
When Joy will smile above both Woe and Care.

LXXI.

But yet the past I do not all regret,
For there are moments that were ever blest;
Some faces that I would not now forget,
Some lips that smiled more sweetly than the rest.
And if there bloomed for me one violet,
Its memory still lives fondly in my breast.
There, too, are names I knew and days gone by
Which I recall sometimes with half a sigh.

LXXII.

And dearest of them all is Geneviève—
A name that has been ever dear to me;

Her's was a friendship that did not deceive,
A friendship true through all eternity.
And if loved recollections fondly weave
Sweet fancies round my heart—if I can see
A bright tomorrow through the clouds so drear,
'Tis that I share the thoughts of one so dear.

LXXIII.

Sweet Genevieve! friend of my boyhood's years!
Thine was a friendship none could ever change;
And if thou felt for me when Sorrow's tears
Flowed from my soul to find a wider range;
If sometimes when my heart was bowed with fears,
And envious minds sought only to estrange,
In thy sweet might thou stood'st serenely fast
To shield me from the blight of Slander's blast.

LXXIV.

'Tis said that Friendship is more strong than Love,
Howe'er that be, this much I surely know—
That Friendship is as gentle as a dove,
While Love is like an eagle—is't not so?
Does not the one its truth by kindness prove?
Does not the other sometimes give a blow?
One is a passion that will end with death—
The other is too oft a passing breath.

LXXV.

Yet I have loved, and I have had my heart
Seared as with iron in its whitest heat;
Yet without murmuring did I bear my part
Nor count the bitter cost of low deceit.
And if Love's pangs have sometimes made me start,
I only know some moments were most sweet.
And after all, do not the joys of life
Outweigh the sorrows of Deceit and Strife?

LXXVI.

The Poet says, and maybe he is right,
That he who loves and loses—mark it well—
Is better off, whate'er may be his plight,
Than he who has not loved at all. I tell
All this without concern, but when I write
That I was once the *victim* of Love's spell,
I know the world will think I seek relief
By pouring out a tale of woe and grief.

LXXVII.

And ere I should forget myself and grow
Too trustful with the world, I'll take a tack,
As sailors say, when winds against them blow,
And in my beaten path once more get back.

I left my Wanderer at the Alamo

Which was o'erwhelmed by a bloodthirsty pack.
So my Narration I'll once more begin,
And tell of war and of the battle's din.

LXXVIII.

The Alamo, as I have said before,

Became the spoil of base and treacherous foes;
Its every stone was bathed in human gore,
But from its blood-stained walls to heaven there
rose

A cry of Vengeance—and the cannons' roar

At San Jacinto echoed back to those
Who triumphed on that dark and bloody day,
A sound more dread than words can e'er portray.

LXXIX.

It was the voice of an avenging God

That echoed far o'er San Jacinto's plain;
Here Houston came to smite with chastening rod
The murderers of his comrades foully slain.
Here traitorous blood dyed deeply the green sod,
Here Texan valor did not strike in vain.

And the self-styled Napoleon of the West¹
Exchanged for peon's rags his purple vest.²

LXXX.

The day was one in April, bright and clear,³
When Houston's army numbering scarce six
hundred,
But all with hearts that knew no doubt or fear,
Swept o'er the plain, while cannons roared and
thundered.
Naught could resist their wild and deafening cheer,
And then a world looked on and simply wondered.
A straggling band, though armed in truth and right,
Victorious o'er a force of trebled might.

LXXXI.

It was a triumph such as none ere knew,
A victory that will live throughout all time;

1 Santa Anna styled himself the "Napoleon of the West." But no one else ever thought of comparing him with the hero of Marengo.

2 When Gen. Santa Anna was captured at San Jacinto, he was dressed in the uniform of a private, which he had donned for the purpose of disguising himself. The disguise would have worked all right had not a button on his coat become unfastened, thereby revealing fine linen and diamond studs underneath, and which his captors knew could not belong to a private soldier.

3 The battle of San Jacinto was fought on the 21st day of April, 1836, and it is told of Gen. Houston, that when he awoke on that eventful morn with the bright sunshine streaming in his face, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "It is the sun of Austerlitz!"

A Philippi, a dreaded Waterloo

For one who was the chief of fiendish crime.

“Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,”

Here sunk the scourge of this benighted clime.

Benighted *then*, benighted now no more,

For here the Tyrant’s pilgrimage was o’er.¹

LXXXII.

On that fair plain today there is no sign

Of that fierce struggle of the long ago;

There grow in beauty both the fig and vine,

And there the summer breezes softly blow.

There myrtle leaves and woodbine entertwine,

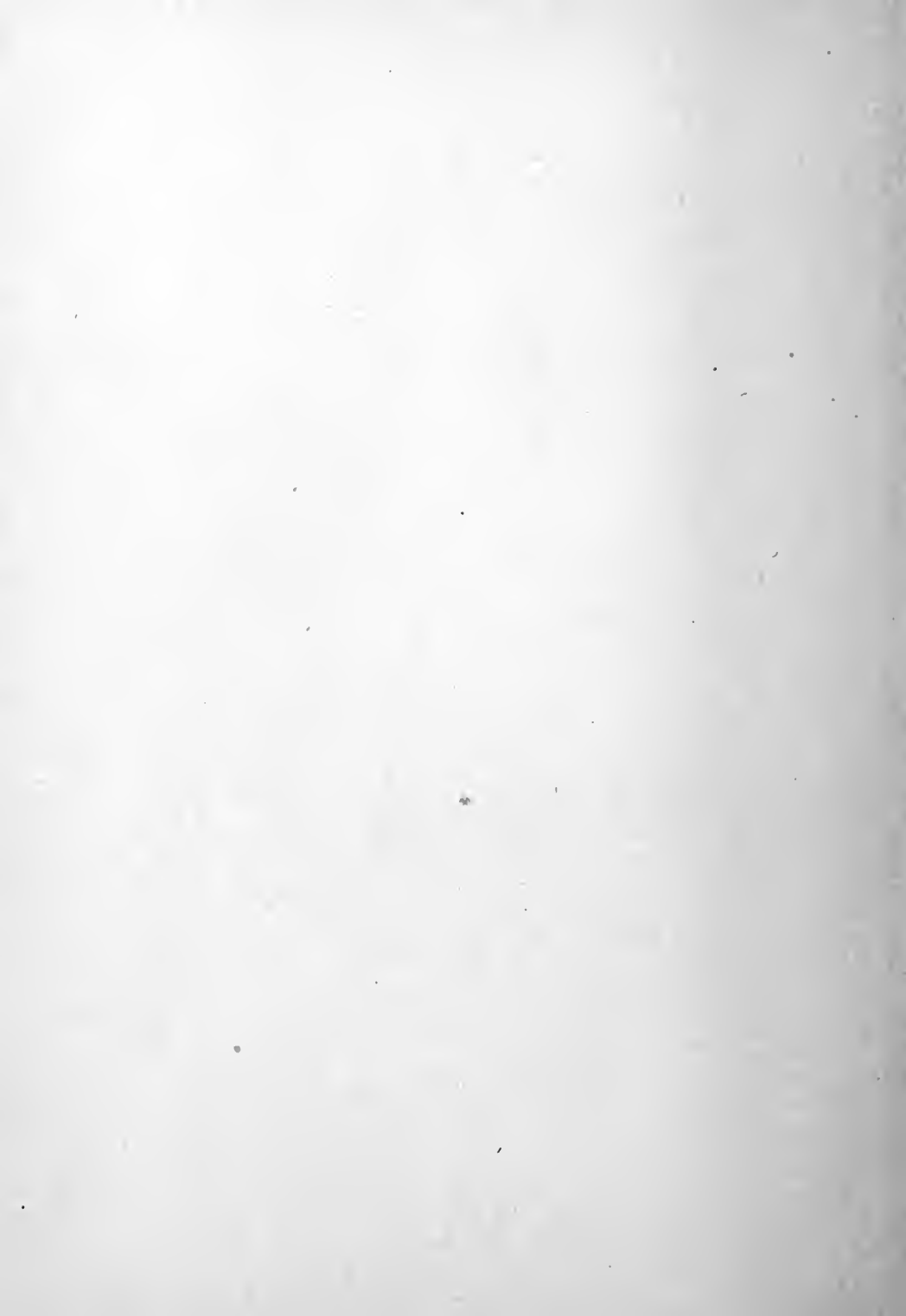
And there wild roses in profusion grow.

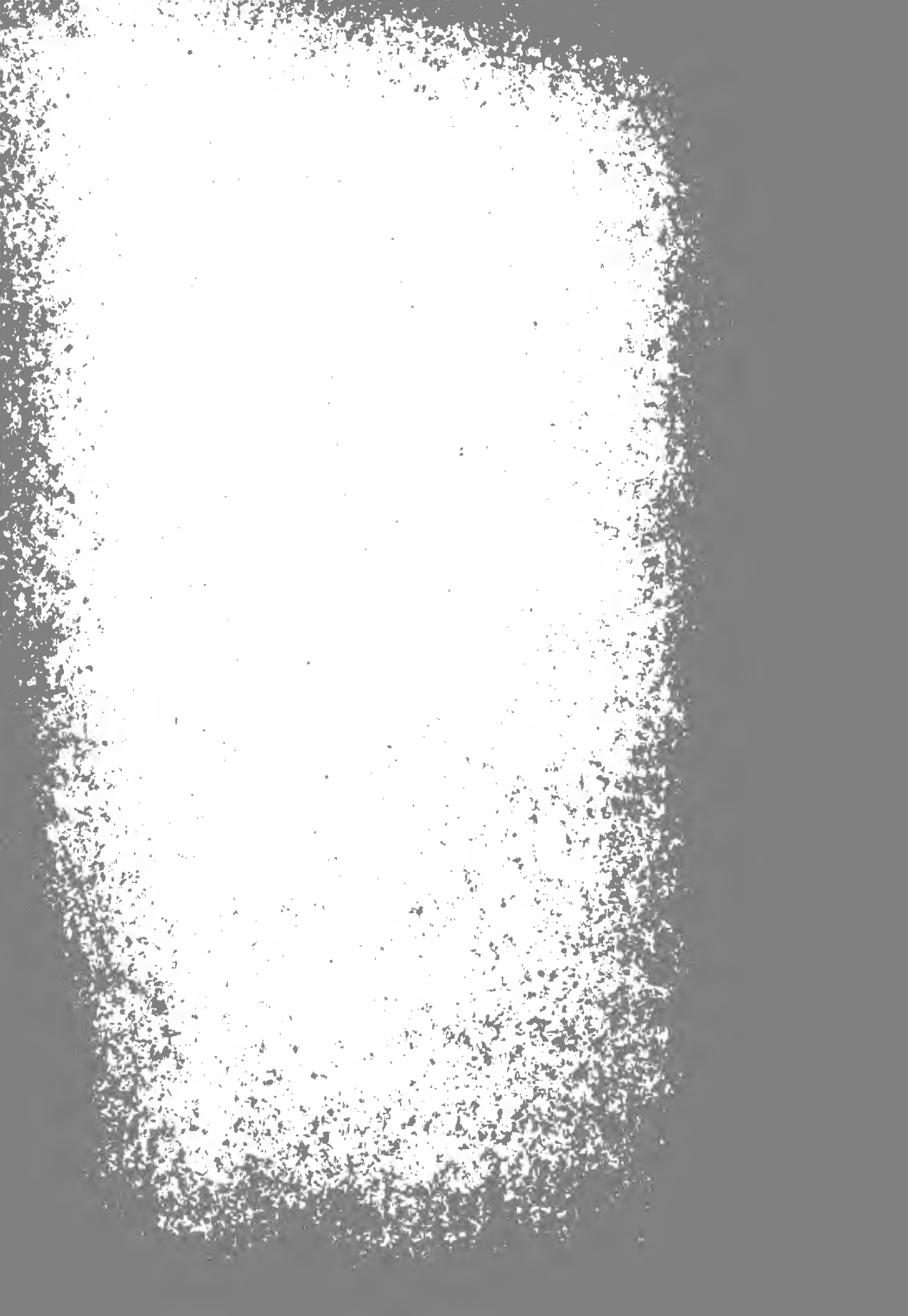
There is no marble shaft to tell the story

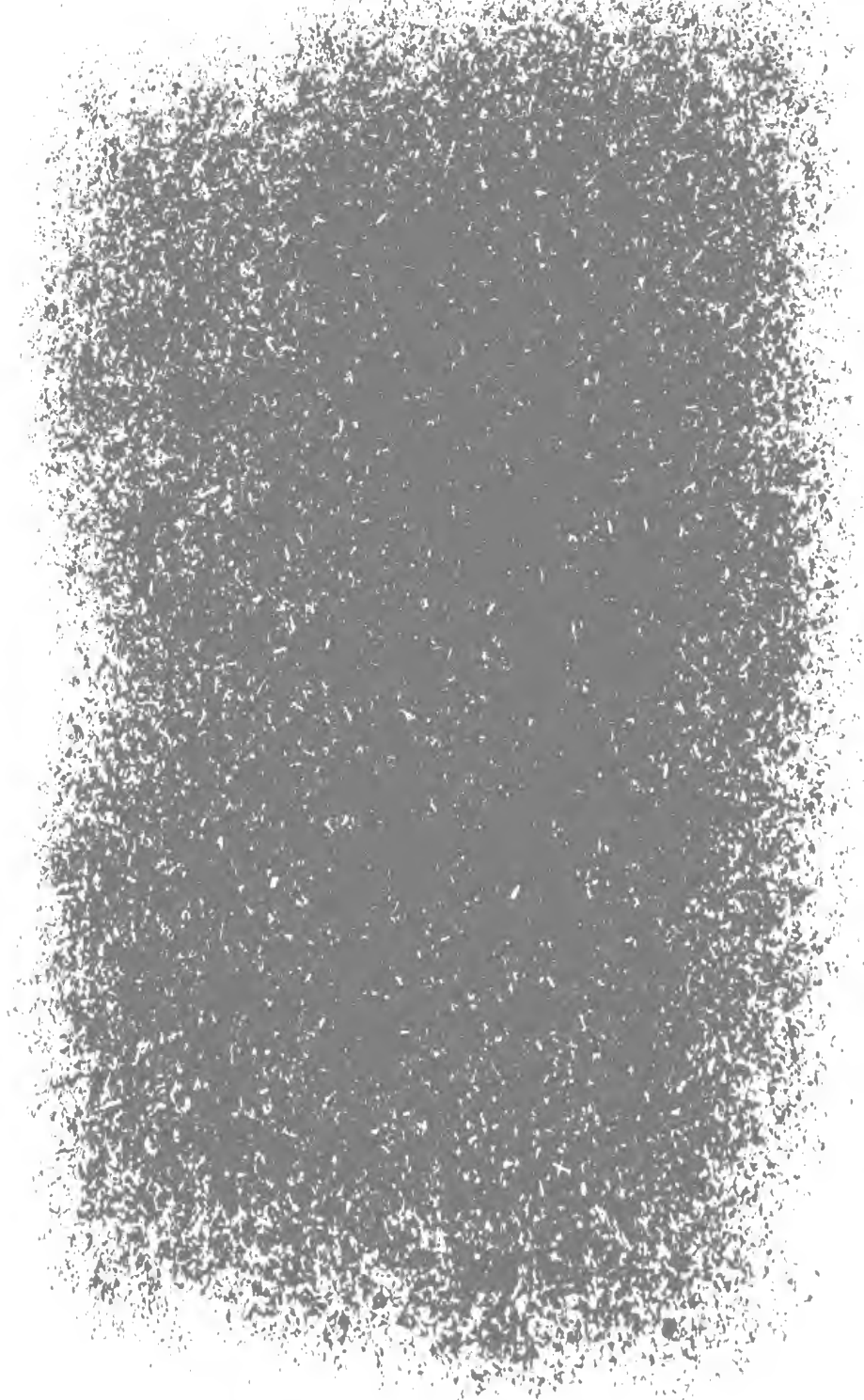
Of Texan valor and of Texan glory.²

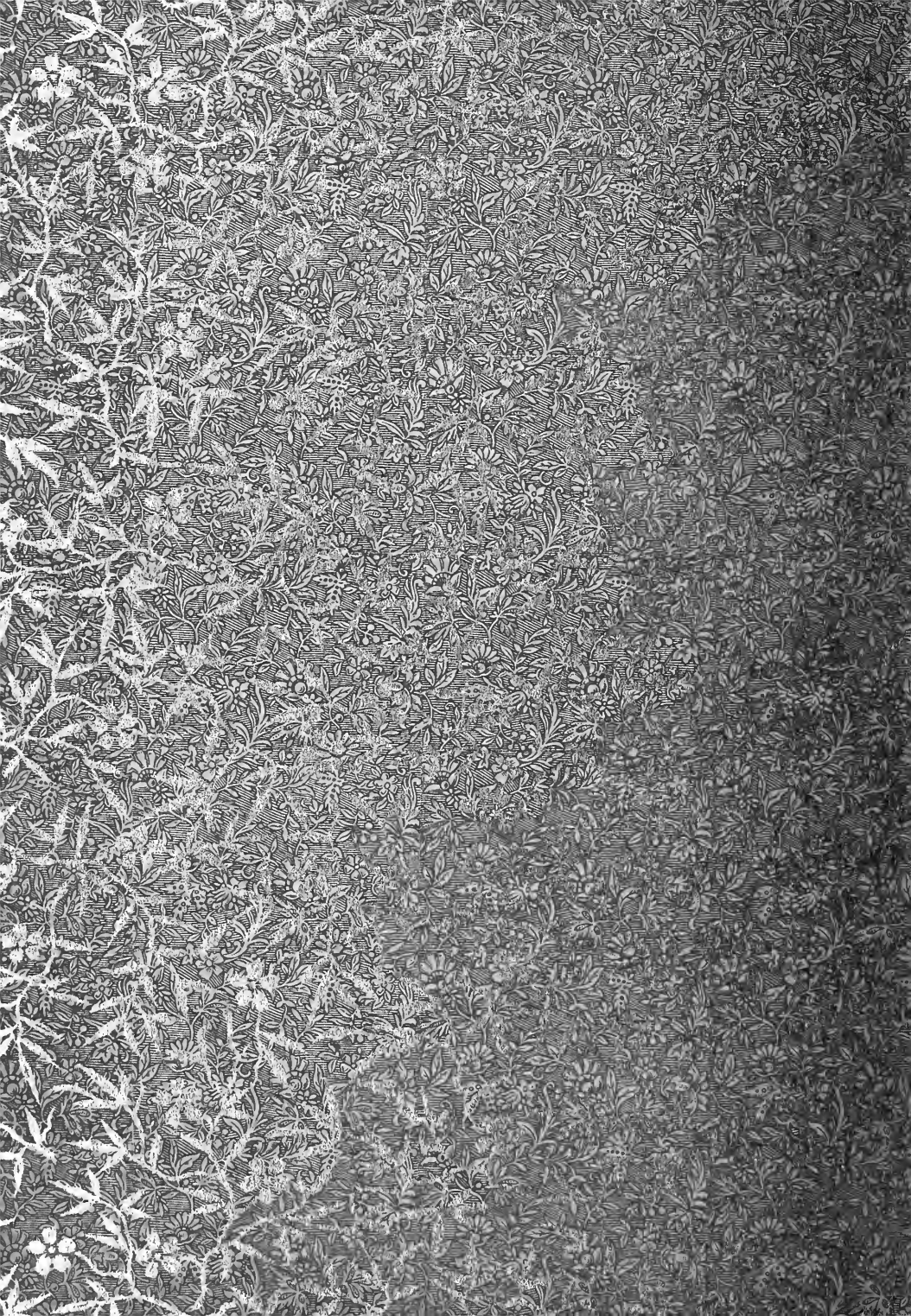
1 It is stated, but not in history, that being a Mason of high degree saved the life of Santa Anna at San Jacinto. In view of the butcheries he committed at the Alamo and Goliad, something out of the ordinary undoubtedly intervened to protect him from the wrath of those whose relatives had been murdered by his command.

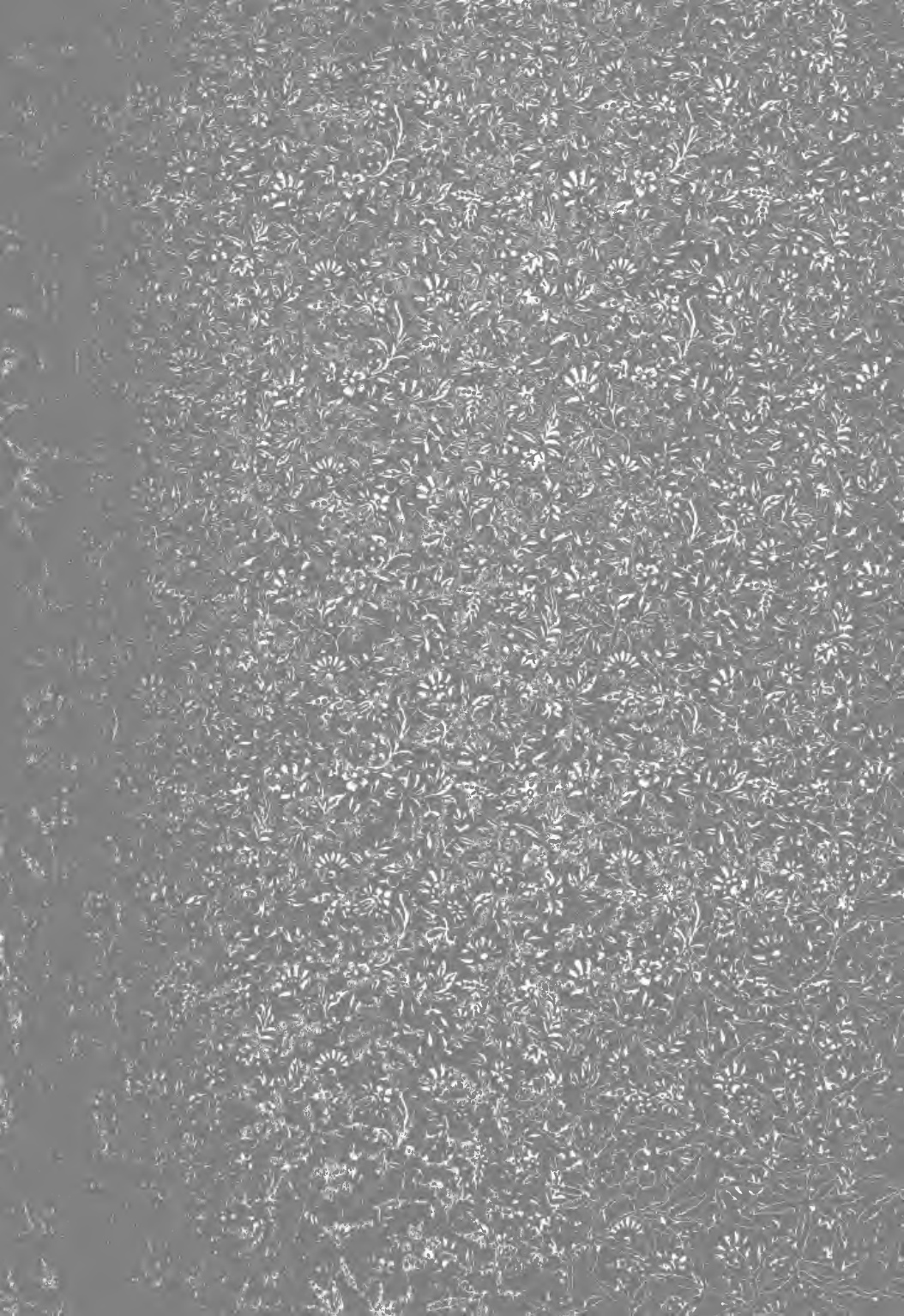
2 This was written some years ago and since then the State has purchased the historic battlefield and may in time erect a fitting monument thereon.—1903.











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